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The Farmer's Day.

BY HARRY ALDEN.

Up, when the larks to labor call,
Just as the sun's first glances fall
Lovingly on the breeding soil,
Cheerful the farmer goes to toil;
Sober and honest, hearty and hale,
Thrift and industry never fail;
Working, still working, till set of sun,
And rest at last when the toil is done.
Contented he looks at the work of the day,
Then happily homeward takes his way;
A light in his window shines before—
Brighter the light at his open door:
The star of his home smiles welcome there;
"Thanks be to heaven the world's so fair!"
Heart speaks to heart, and husband and wife
Merit the joy of their humble life.

"Two's Company."

Miss Jenny B—— was born for me,
And I was born for Jenny;
For any other miss I see
I hardly care a penny.
Two turtle-doves you never saw
So fond of one another,
And yet my rapture hath a flaw—
My Jenny hath a brother!

A child of eight, or under that;
Of manners inoffensive.
You rarely find so young a brat
With knowledge so extensive.
For him two syllables are naught,
He laughs at long division;
He says his lessons, as he ought,
With laudable precision.

Due reverence for me he shows;
He greets me as a "mister,"
The clever boy!—I know he knows
I love his pretty sister.
It *may* be chance—and yet I see
That more than chance is in it;
He never leaves Miss B—— and me
Together for a minute.

I can not heave the tender sigh
With any satisfaction
While such an incubus is by
To mark my every action.
I can not bend the supple knee,
And "pop" the tender question;
The very thought of Number Three
Forbids the soft suggestion.

We never meet, we never talk,
But those two eyes espy us;
We never strive to steal a walk
But Number Three is nigh us.
In such a sad and sorry plight
Perhaps it would be better
To plead my suit in black and white,
And register the letter.

A GOOD LITTLE SAMARITAN.

Miss Betty Van Dyke had curled herself up in the corner of the capacious window-sill in her mother's kitchen to watch Fifine flute the flounces of her India muslin. Miss Betty was as pretty and fresh as a rose; her eyes were of heaven's own blue, her hair like threads of gold, her cheeks "like a Catherine pear, the side that's next the sun." Fifine was nothing more than a bundle of old bones wrapped in a piece of parchment; she was a native of Lorraine, and had lately married an Englishman familiarly known as "George," whom she had loved for many a year.

Miss Betty was romantic, and it so delighted her when George at last yielded to the idolatry of poor Fifine, that she coaxed her father into leasing a bit of scrubby woodland with a tumble-down house upon it, to George, so that he could have a garden and potato patch, and raise some chickens, and take nice care of poor Fifine. Miss Betty even condescended to go to them during the house-finishing and the honey-moon, and assist Fifine in her little domestic furnishing and adorning, and advise George in relation to his garden, his potato patch, his chickens and wood-splitting.

But, truth to say, George had so studied the character and attributes of the noble Indian that he modeled his life upon it, so far as resigning all domestic duties to poor Fifine. He gave over to his spouse the entire supervision of the garden, potato patch, chicken-raising and even the wood-splitting. He was of a dreamy nature, and would sit for hours on a rude bench he had placed near the water, and there he would smoke and meditate until Fifine had tidied up the house, and fed the chickens and hoed the potatoes, and washed a couple of dozen pieces for one of her patrons, and split some wood, and got dinner upon the table, and then George would come in and eat dinner with Fifine, and tell her of all he had been thinking about while sitting there upon the bench under the trees.

Fifine was very happy. She knew that George was superior to her in mind, but he had told her time and again that it was right he should be her superior, and he loved her all the better for it.

But Miss Betty had her misgivings, and one day, when she was curled up like a lovely kitten upon the window-sill, she said to Fifine: "What does George do, Fifine, toward the support of the household? It seems to me that you are always slaving and toiling. What does George do?"

Then Fifine shrugged her shoulders, which had become somewhat crooked and bulgy from the heavy burdens they had borne all these years, and elevated her eyebrows, which were rather scraggy and gray, and said, with a world of feeling in her voice: "What does he do, my angel? He gives to me the happiness which is my all: he gives to me the conversation which is beautiful; he tells me of what is going on in the big busy world; he pities, he consoles—ah, my little one, he loves me!"

Miss Betty blushed and was silent, and thought, foolish child, that, after all, this was every thing. She left Fifine to iron the tucks and furbelows with which Mrs. Van Dyke delighted to adorn her daughter Betty, and went out under the grapevine, and walked to and fro, and thought that if somebody—and here she trembled an I blushed at the thought of his name—if he would read to her again, would talk to her again, would tell her of the big beautiful world once more, if he would love her—ah, what would she not be glad to give in return! She would work for him—ay, she would work her slim fingers to the bone, only, of course, he wouldn't let her; he was too noble and generous and thoughtful. But if the necessity should arise, how glad she would be to do even like poor Fifine, if only he would love her in return!

But, alas! the superiority of mankind was here also pre-eminent. He was the new minister, the Rev. Reginald Roake. The consistory had thought it best to get a young man, so that he could board around among the parishioners, and thus save the rent of a parsonage. Captain Van Dyke, Miss Betty's father, had thought it best to economize in every way that they could, and had even taken the young man to board at first. He told his wife they'd scarcely miss what the parson ate, and the church must be helped along as much as was prudent and possible.

But the captain, after a few months, suddenly changed his mind. The young minister was very fertile in imagination and quick in thought; and his sermons were speedily prepared, and the long summer days had so many sweet, rich hours to fill! Miss Betty's duties were also light; her mother was still active and robust; there were two sturdy young women in the kitchen, besides the occasional artistic work of Fifine. The captain sight was keen and strong; when he was out sailing in the bay he could see a couple of figures bending over some book in the summer-house, or wandering among the rocks or along the sands upon the shore. The captain would come home hot and vexed, and take his wife to task for this misdoing.

"I don't want any beggarly parsons hanging around my daughter," said the captain.

The good lady would look very much shocked, and really tremble in her heart at the captain's temerity, for she thought it was almost tempting Providence to cast a contemptuous word upon the clergy; but she had that wholesome fear of the captain that she never ventured to remonstrate with him. She sighed in secret with her daughter when the captain managed to transfer the prescher to the care of a wealthy and comely widow in the neighborhood.

"He can poach all he pleases on that domain," said the captain; and shortly after, he was delighted to see the reverend gentleman riding out with the fair widow, and gathering grasses and ferns in the pretty woodland haunts about Granville.

"We can't keep a parson single," chuckled the captain at his dinner table: "the women won't let him alone, do what we may. But the widow Benson owns her own house, and that will save rent for a parsonage."

The morsel upon Miss Betty's fork remained untasted, and the captain in this way spoiled many a meal for his daughter.

And so the summer waned, and September was at hand—September with her soft blue haze and rich warm sunshine; and though the widow had a brilliant garden of her own, she was fond of the wanton wild flowers that grew so luxuriously in the woods of Granville. She and the young minister filled the house with great clusters of golden-rods and asters and big purple poke-berries. One day the pony-phæton stopped before the door of Captain Van Dyke, and the widow was led into the sitting-room, where she found Miss Betty almost hidden by a mosquito netting which she was busily patching.

"Come, child," said the widow, "put away that rag, and run get a pretty dress on. I've promised myself this many a day we should take this drive together, and I declare to you it shall be the rarest one you ever had in your life. The day is made richly to order for it; the balmiest air, the goldenest sunshine—not a cloud in the sky! Run away, and make yourself look as pretty as you can."

"You are very kind," said Miss Betty, with a little trip of cold jealousy on her tongue; "but I must mend this netting for poor Fifine. She is sick with a fever, and the mosquitoes are dreadful down there in the wood. Mamma says I may have this netting if I can make it do; it is so badly torn," said poor Betty, "and so perplexing! But I could not sleep, Mrs. Benson," she added, with an air of gentle dignity, in which there was also a slight sniff of reproach—"I could not sleep in my own bed of luxury, and know that poor Fifine was languishing there, a prey to fever and mosquitoes."

If the widow had thereupon offered to drive to town with Miss Betty and buy for Fifine a brand-new canopy, Miss Betty would have put the old netting aside; but she was at heart very glad that the fine lady offered no such sacrifice to charity, for she could not bear to find her altogether perfect.

"Ten chances to one, my dear," said the widow, "you'll have your labor for your pains. These poor creatures are very superstitious and queer, and don't know what is best for them. I've no doubt, in any case, she has pretended to be sick to get rid of some clear-starching for your good mother. Fifine would rather work at home, so that she can be with that lubberly lout of a husband of hers. She is the finest and best of laundresses, and sorry should I be to have any thing befall her; but you must not believe all that these wily Frenchwomen say."

The color mantled high in Miss Betty's cheeks as these slanders fell upon her ears, and she steadily refused to put her work aside.

"You are a little goose," said the widow at length. "Must I tell you, then, that we shall have some charming company with us? We are to stop at my house for Mr. Roake—there, now, Miss Betty, run away and dress.

The color fled from Miss Beatty's cheeks, and the needle trembled in her fingers. As she raised her blue eyes to the fine black ones of the widow, a tear or two trembled within them.

"You are welcome to your charming company," she said. "I will go on with my work for poor Fifine."

The widow laughed lightly and went away, leaving poor Miss Betty to struggle on with her troublesome task, which was more and more irksome now that she knew how some other people were spending their afternoon. As rent after rent yawned before her, and her weary little fingers grew less and less nimble, more than once the question arose within her whether it was better to go on. Since nobody cared for her, why should she care for any body? But her generous heart conquered all these bitter temptations, and nearly at night-fell she ran up stairs to slip on the pretty muslin robe all smoothed and crimped by the art and industry of poor Fifine. The netting was not a very heavy burden, but she carried also a kettle of ice with her and a pot of jelly. She took the road through the woods, and though it was growing darker, and her heart beat rapidly, and she could not brush the mosquitoes away because her hands were so full, yet she was upheld by the thought of rescuing poor Fifine. Since she could not save her from the stings of slander and reproach, she shou d at least be free from those of mosquitoes.

At last through the trees she could see the chicken-coops of Fifine, and soon she was at the poor woman's bedside. The heart of Miss Betty was fired with indignation when she remembered the cruel words of the widow. Fifine lay upon a rude bed in the corner. Always thin and brown, she might now have been taken for an exhumed queen of Egypt, and Miss Betty could not imagine how all these mosquitoes could find it in their anatomy to prey upon poor Fifine, when the fat and unctious substance of George was temptingly at hand upon the bench outside, where he was enjoying his evening pipe. Miss Betty stooped over the sick woman, and said, softly, "I have brought you some ice, dear Fifine."

"Ah, my angel! my angel of light!" said Fifine, "thou hast of hearts the most merciful; but, alas, I cannot have the ice, I am too cold already, my little one. There is a cold hand at my heart. No, no; I cannot have the ice."

"Very well, Fifine," said Miss Betty, putting down the kettle which had been such a nuisance to her, "you shall not be troubled with the ice, but here is some jelly."

"Ah, my blessed one!" cried Fifine, "thou art like a saint from heaven; but talk not to me of jelly. They have given me of jelly many years ago, after some bitter medicine, and I have since that time no hunger for jelly. Ah, my rose of the wildwood! it makes me sick to think of it."

"Then do not think of it, Fifine," said Miss Betty, putting aside the jar, that had grown heavier and heavier at every step of the journey. "But these dreadful mosquitoes, they are devouring you."

"Ah, yes, my adored one, they are demons without mercy; they have drawn all the blood from my body, and their dreadful song is madness to my brain. But rest tranquil; death will soon put an end to my misery."

"But see here, my poor Fifine," cried Miss Betty, exultingly unrolling her precious net; "now you can sleep in peace. We will spread this over you, George and I, and not one of the monsters can reach you. See, my poor Fifine, we will draw this over you—so;" and suiting the action to the word, Miss Betty pulled the net over the high post of the bedstead, when suddenly a terrified look upon the sick woman's face stayed her hands, and she cried out to Fifine, in dismay: "Don't you want the net over you, Fifine?"

"Ah, life of my life!" said Fifine, "it is sad, it is terrible! I know not how to deny thee, after all thou hast done for me; but, oh, my little one, I can not have it over me. I have tried, for thy dear sake, to bear it. I told myself that I would say no word against it—at least till thou were gone, when George could pull it away—but I can not even for one little moment. Ah, my angel, wait until I am dead, and then they can draw over me the pall, and put candles at my head and feet, and do with me what they will; but while I am yet alive I can not be treated like a dead body.

Miss Betty said no further words of entreaty or remonstrance, but let the miserable, flimsy thing fall out of her hands upon the floor; and having smoothed Fifine's pillow, and held some milk to her lips, and promised to come again in the morning, Miss Betty took the woodland road home again.

It was now quite dark, and big shadows seemed to threaten every step of her way. Her heart was heavy within her, and her poor little feet seemed scarcely able to carry even her light weight along. What a wretched, abortive attempt had been hers to alleviate the misery of poor Fifine? It was as the beautiful widow had said, she had had her labor for her pains—the beautiful, mocking widow, who was no doubt riding home through the gloaming with the Rev. Reginald Roake.

At that very moment Miss Betty heard the tramping of hoofs behind her, and stepped aside to let the light-limbed pony of the widow pass by. The basket sides of the phæton were filled with wild flowers, and the white hands of the minister held a bunch of shy, sweet forget-me-nots as blue as Miss Betty's eyes.

The widow drew up her pony, and bade Miss Betty get in by her side, lest the hobgoblins of the wood should devour her; but the young girl stoutly refused, nor would she be coaxed from her decision.

"I am not afraid of hobgoblins," she said, thinking in her heart there could be none so greedy and rapacious as the beautiful widow herself.

"Now what is to be done with this obstinate child?" said the widow. The minister had long since leaped from the wagon and approached Miss Betty; but she turned her back upon him, perhaps to hide the tears of wretchedness which were falling out of her eyes.

"Pick her up and put her in here by me," said the widow. "I am myself a little afraid of the satyrs of the wood. Come, child; do not be a goose and get jealous of your grandmother. The gentleman there has gathered a pretty nosegay of forget-me-nots for you that were left over from spring. We have been looking for you far and wide, and he has done nothing but talk to me of his love for you till I am sick of the refrain."

Betty turned a swift, melting glance behind her. In a twinkling the minister had lifted her to the widow's side, and forgot to take his arm away. It was quite dark, and the only star that shone in the sky was that of Venus. They drove rapidly on, Miss Betty's heart thumping in unison with the hoofs of the pony.

"I told you," said the widow, "you'd have your labor for your pains. We stopped at Fifine's. The poor creature was full of adoration for you. She called upon every saint in the calendar to shower blessings upon your head. She said that you had brought her some beautiful ice and some delicious jelly, and a net that was most wonderful."

"But she refused them all," said Miss Betty.

"Ah, yes," replied the widow: "but George did not refuse them. He had chopped up the ice in his milk, and had spread all the jelly upon his bread, and had wrapped himself up in the mosquito netting, and lay upon the lounge when we entered, snoring, as Fifine said, like an angel. Fifine was parched with fever and devoured with mosquitoes, but she declared to me that she was quite comfortable and happy. I do not understand it."

But Miss Betty did. She nestled closer to the arm about her, and lifted her flushed and radiant face to the one above her own.

"My sweet little Samaritan!" he whispered; and although the widow could not understand the happiness of Fifine, it was clear to the heart of Miss Betty.

—Harper's Weekly.

Words of Wisdom.

Be deaf to the quarrelsome, and dumb to the inquisitive.

Character is the diamond which scratches every other stone.

Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes her.

At all times confidence and truth are better preventives of jealousy than concealment.

They who least shrink at the storms of fortune are always most virtuous and victorious in the end.

We would gain more if we left ourselves to appear such as we are, than by attempting to appear what we are not.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

He that waits for repentance waits for that which cannot be had as long as it is waited for. It is obsurd for a man to wait for that which he himself has to do.

The most politic, because the most effectual, way of governing in a family is for the husband occasionally to lay aside his supremacy; so in public as well as in private life, that king will be most popular who does not at all times exercise his full prerogative.

It would appear that there is a great sympathy between the mind of man and falsehood; when we have a truth to tell, it takes better if conveyed in a fable; and the rage for novels shows that we may not only divert extremely without a syllable of truth, but truth is even compelled to borrow the habit of falsehood to secure itself an agreeable reception.

Deadwood Death.

As I was resting in a camp on the outskirts of Deadwood, writes a Black Hills correspondent, a jolly-faced man came along and asked for a job. He was told that every man was working for himself, and making mighty poor wages at that, when he replied:

"Gentlemen, I haven't had one good meal in three weeks; I haven't been able to get a day's work; I'm dead broke, and the curtain is going to ring down on this tragedy right here and right now!"

He stepped around the fire, pulled a revolver from a miner's belt, and then retreating back a pace or two, he said:

"Gentlemen, I'm going to die! I've starved around the Black Hills for three months, and if there's a worse place than this I'm envious to see it! Excuse me for wasting ammunition, but here I go—crack!"

He put the muzzle of the revolver to his forehead, and never kicked after the report. No man rose up to restrain him. After a few minutes the owner of the revolver walked over and secured it, and, as he wiped a spot of blood off the barrel, he growled out:

"Why didn't he jump over some cliff, or go out and let the Indians tickle him to death!"

A MOUNTAINEER'S EXPLOIT.

How a Rocky Mountain Stage Robber of the Old-Fashioned Kind Met His Match.

"Bah! on these third-class stage robbers!" contemptuously exclaimed the grizzly-headed old mountaineer, as he felt around to his hip to see if his revolver was still there. "Folks try to make out that this Black Hills excitement is the equal to the rush to California, but it's all bosh. There's lots o' greenhorns, heaps o' gamblers, and a few footpads and stage stoppers, but they ar' all third-class. Ye ought to have lived on the Slope when the old Nugget State was panning out the dust from them thousand diggings, an' when stage robbing an' throat cuttin' was did up in first-class style, day or night."

Being invite l to relate something, he spread out his big feet, braced his back against the hind wheel of a prairie schooner, and said: "Waal, it just makes me sick to hear these recruits take on an' see 'em grow pale over reports that some of the stages has been stopped, an' the folks robbed of a few dollars. Why, sir, I've seen the time when a single man, an' not a big man at that, stood in the center of the trail, halted a coach full o' men, each one armed, an' made 'em hop down and hand over dust enough to set anybody up in the bankin' business, an' plenty left over to start a circus on! That was bizness, that was, an' the victims couldn't help but feel like pattin' the feller on the back for his nerve. Ye've heard o' Hank Monk, I reckon?"

"Yes."

"Waal, there's fifty just as good drivers as he was, and fifty braver men, but Hank got into the newspapers, and folks thought him a preacher, a driver, a grizzly, a buffalo an' a rattlesnake all rolled inter one. Mind ye, I ain't sayin' a word agin him, but I was just thinkin' of how I was a passenger in his coach once when it cost me a bullet through the shoulder to do what he could have done without even stopping the coach. Thar was a chap called Prince Charlie, who used to imagine that Fargo's coaches were put on the line on purpose to bring him dust. He was a fine lookin' chap, standin' about six feet high, half Texan an' half Mexican, an' he had eyes like coals o' fire. That chap hung along the bad spots in the Rocky Mountains for one full summer, an' I guess he collected hard on to a hundred thousand dollars. He didn't have any partners in the bizness, but played a lone hand every time, an' allus raked in the stakes. He didn't stop every stage—oh, no. He'd halt an' rob one to-day or to-night in Apple Blossom Canyon, then, two, three or four weeks arter he'd turn up on on Scott's Hill, or Betsy Jane Gulch, or fifty miles from the other spot. Folks thought he had just about time to dig down into Mexico, put his dust inter safe hands, an' then return, an' p'raps that was the game.

"I reckon ye've read about dozens o' these chaps, and therefore ye don't remember this one; but I tell ye he got to be a terror. As nobody could say when he'd cry 'Halt!' to a stage, even brave men hated to travel in that fashion. Prince Charlie was a dead shot—wouldn't take a word o' chin music an' sometimes he shot down a passenger or two, just to increase the respect of the rest. I was kinder speculatin' around in those days, an' it was a poor mornin' when I couldn't show up the half of $10,000. I was gittin' ready to leave the country an' go back to Illinoy, when one o' Fargo's agents dropped in on me one day, and sez he: 'Jim, why don't ye go to work an' lay out that Prince Charlie?' Says I: 'I'll bet ye fifty to one I kin fix his bizziness for him in less'n a month.' That kinder brought us to terms, an' the agent showed up color strong. The stages were most desarted by travelers on account o' this one road agent, an' the company felt that sumthin' had got to be done. The agent offers me a thousand dollars in dust, and a pound nugget for a breastpin, if I could give this chap's bones to the wolves. I wasn't 't all anxious, ye understand. When a feller goes out to hunt a grizzly he may tree a b'ar or a b'ar may tree him. In this case, if I didn't get the dead sure thing on Prince Charlie at a second's notice, the top o' my head would go flying over the rocks an' the ole woman would be a widder. I thought it over for about four minutes, an' then says I: 'Mister Gray, make it fifteen hundred, an' I'll increase this feller's weight by a pound o' lead, or chaw red sand till spring opens.'

"He raised me the extra mighty quick, an' I began to stiffen my backbone. The prince had robbed a stage about twenty days before, an' it was then about time for him to make another assessment on the shareholders. It was agreed that nothin' should be said about our bargain, and that I was to be booked an' put through as a regular passenger. I was left to make my own preparations, an' I kept shady till the stage was ready to pull out for the long trip. P'raps ye imagine that I loaded myself down with guns, revolvers, knives and sich, but I didn't. All I had was a good double-bar led shot gun, each bar'l loaded with slugs—no dust, no baggage, an' lookin' kinder down in the mouth an' played out, 'zif I hadn't made a cent. Thar war seven other fellers in the stage, an' Hank Monk was the driver. We went out o' Marysville on the whoop, Monk havin' a rifle an' two revolvers on the seat, an' lookin' as brave as old Gen. Scott. It wasn't my game to say anythin' to anybody, an' so I didn't make a great deal with the others. They were stout-lookin' chaps, all well armed, an' part o' the crowd said they'd gin a clean hundred dollars to have Prince Charlie halt the coach. They planned to peel him in about a second in case he showed up, an' fore long I got blue from thinkin' I was to be left out in the cold when the fun commenced.

"Wall, my boy, one arternoon we was trottin' along as smart as ye please on a bit o' level road in the Rockies, when all to once the climax showed up. The eight of us were wide awake an' ready for bizness, when all of a sudden somebody yelled out: 'Halt!' and that same Prince Charlie jumped on the trail from behind a big rock. Hank Monk pulled in the horses to once, but instead of givin' the robber some o' his bullets, he got white around the mouth an' hopped down from his box an' held one o' the lead horses till the chap could come back to the stage and say: 'Now then, you gents climb down here an' shell out, an' the first man who even winks his eye will git a bullet over it!' That was Prince Charlie's style to a dot, just like you would walk into a store an' ask for ten pounds o' sugar. I don't believe I'm a coward, but when I heard him sing out an' realized that the chap I had sworn to kill was right near thar, all filled up for bizness, my heart jumped inter my gullet an' my knees wobbled all over. Only for a minute, though. Says I to myself: 'Jim, old man, brace up or Besty Jane will put on mournin'!' and I braced. Prince Charlie stood at the door, a revolver in either hand, an' the passengers got down one arter another as meek as could be. Not a one 'o them spoke a loud word, let alone pintin' their pistols at the chap.

"Waal, I war the last one out, 'cordin' to the plans I had laid. Prince Charlie had the hull crowd to see to, an' he didn't have but two eyes. As I got down I drawed the shotgun arter me, havin' hold o' the butt. The seven men were in line, their guns in the stage, and the robber was callin' out, 'Up with your arms—hold 'em up,' an' for the life o' ye don't even speak to me!' As I lit on hard ground I yelled out like a panther to throw the feller off his guard, an' then sprang around the stage. Then the real bizness began. I yelled out to the others to go for the robber, an' between watchin' them an' firin' at me, the Prince had his hands full. I guess he shot at me four or five times under the stage, but I wur canterin' up an' down, an' he didn't hit me. I was workin' to git him confused an' mixed up, you see, an' I war right. In a minute or two he slammed the stage door shut to keep the men from their arms, called out to them not to move, an' the blasted coyotes stood right thar in line, an' never moved a foot while the robber came for me! I war lookin' for him to come around the lead horses, but he took the other way, an' gin me a bullet in the shoulder from over the hind wheel. Lord! but wasn't that lead hot! An', sir, as big as I am, it knocked me flat down, though p'raps the fall saved my life, as the Prince was firin' from both revolvers as steady as the turn of a coffee-mill. I rolled under the stage, riz up on t'other side, an' as true as ye ar' a sinner I had to laugh right out to see them seven men standin' in a row, arms up and mouths wide open! I felt the blood tricklin' down, and I kinder got riled. It takes a heap to stir me up from way down, stranger, but when I get riled for good, I don't mind nothin'.

"That hot blood blisterin' down my side riz my hair fur me, an' I wanted to see Prince Charlie wuss nor he cared to see me. He had begun firing agin, shootin' right inter the crowd, when I started fur him. As I went around the wheel he fired slap-dab into my face, an' never touched a whisker. The range was too short for good shootin', and thar's men livin' to-day who will tell ye that I let go the gun, reached out my naked paws, an' the fust thing that robber knew he was bein' shaken by a yearthquake. He had let his empty revolvers fall an' drawed his bowie knife, an' he gin me these ere trifles on the arms while I was sinkin' my claws inter him. When I got settled an' ready, I lifted him clean from his pins, big as he was, jammed him agin the wheel to soften his hide, an' then flopped him down on the side an' choked the life out o' him then an' thar! Yes, sir, I did, an' it took the hull seven men to tear me loose from him, 'cause I was riled an' wanted pay for my injuries. That's what I did to Prince Charlie, stranger, an' right down here is the nugget Mister Gray gin me, an' here's the scars to back it! Fargo wanted to hire me to drive stage on that line at big pay, lots o' men named camps arter me, the newspapers gin me puffs, an' rations didn't cost me a cent all winter."

The old man shoved his hat over on his left ear a little more and added: "Therefore, stranger, when I hear about these third-class hencoop thieves stoppin' stages an' makin' folks fork over, I kinder feel sick—kinder feel that the boss days are gone forever."—*New York Sun.*

The Unbidden Guest.

Charley Stone was leaning over the counter of the Thorndyke House, gazing out of doors at the sunlight, and wishing he had four million dollars and a year's vacation. A tall, cadaverous-looking man, with red whiskers, and a carpet-bag in hand thinner than an argument in favor of rum-drinking, ambled in at the door, meandered up to the counter, and slapped the carpet-bag down with emphasis.

"The register, please," he said, haughtily, as one who was accustomed to hotel ways.

The polite clerk turned the book around, proffered the stranger a pen, and waited for him to inscribe with a flourish the name of "Alonzo Montague, New York."

"Please handle my baggage carefully," he remarked, as he handed up the shadowy article. "It contains much of value. How's business?"

"Fair—only fair," replied the clerk.

"As I supposed," said the cadaverous man, frowning. "How's granite?"

"Hard—very much depressed; but prospects good," replied the clerk.

"H—m" muttered the thin man reflectively; "this, then, is my time. I have visited your city, young man, for the express purpose of investing largely in this business, knowing, from the general depression that I could do so to advantage. I tell you this in secret," and here his voice sank to a hoarse whisper. "I have in that satchel documents that will compel the granite ring to admit me to their midst, and absolutely get down on their knees to me—yes, sir," fiercely, "on their knees," and he slapped the counter spitefully.

The clerk didn't look as though he was much impressed by this information, and he continued:

"There has been at work in your midst an influence that had tended to this great depression, but, by the great hoop snakes, I'll show them that they have not only capital to oppose them, but an iron will and an inflexible nature that but laughs at obstacles. Where is the banquet hall?" he exclaimed, abruptly.

"This way," replied the clerk pointing.

"I will proceed to appease my natural wants, and then—" and the cadaverous man nodded his head gloomily, and started for the dining-room.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the clerk, politely.

"Sir?" exclaimed the lank man, stopping.

"We always require pay in advance from strangers," continued the clerk.

"Pay in advance?" almost screamed the thin man, "why, I'll buy your little, insignificant hotel!"

"It isn't for sale," replied the clerk, firmly, "fifty cents please."

"Give me that satchel," said the tall man, in a voice of condensed rage. "Let me get out of this one horse tavern. I've traveled from Maine to California, and this is the first time an upstart of a hotel clerk ever said pay in advance. Let me out—the air stifles me."

He grabbed his satchel and strode rapidly and fiercely out of the office. Soon after he was seen begging a dinner from a house in Middle street. And the granite ring is getting ready to tremble.

—Rockland (Me.) Courier.

A Modern Robinson Crusoe

George Hosley, formerly of Arlington Vt., turns up at Ross, West Coast, New Zealand, after being missing for twenty-one years and writes home of his adventures. He had started to return to this country eight years ago, after accumulating a small fortune in the gold diggings, but reports of an El Dorado, sixty miles off, drew him away, and the steamer had sailed when he had only discovered the rumor worthless. Starting shortly afterward with two companions for supposed gold fields, several hundred miles away on the West Coast, their boat was wrecked in a terrible gale, and he alone reached the shore by swimming, badly bruised and bereft of all his provisions, clothing, and $1,500 in gold. He was two hundred miles from civilization, and lived on birds, berries, and such, for six weeks when a ship sailed ten miles from the coast, but not noticing the smoke of his fire, left him in despair for three weeks longer, when a small schooner took him off to Hokitika, the nearest settlement. He has been in the gold fields up to the date of his letter, July 22, 1877.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Curious Superstitions and Legends Concerning the Moon—German and other Traditions.

Amongst the superstitions yet lingering in the minds of mankind, none, perhaps, is more universal than that of the man in the moon. In England he is chiefly immortalized by the old nursery rhyme, but no further details are given of his proceedings. German legends are, however, more communicative, and sundry traditions relate his history, varying in different parts of the country.

A Swabian mother at Derendingen tells her child that a man was once working in his vineyard on Sunday, and after having pruned all his vines, he made a bundle of the shoots he had just cut off, laid it in his basket and went home. According to one version the vines were stolen from a neighbor's vineyard. When taxed either with Sabbath-breaking, or with the theft, the culprit stoutly protested his innocence, and finally exclaimed: "If I have committed such a crime, may I go to the moon!" After his death, this fate duly befell him, and there he remains to this day, condemned to eat molten lead as a punishment. The Black Forest peasantry say that the dark spots visible in the moon are caused by a man being spell-bound there. He stole a bundle of wood on Sunday, because he thought on that day he should be unmolested by the foresters. But he had not gone far with it when he met a stranger, who was none other than the Almighty himself. After reproving the thief for not keeping the Sabbath day holy, God said he must be punished; but he might choose whether he would be banished to the sun or the moon. The man chose the latter, declaring he would rather freeze in the moon than burn in the sun, and thus the "Besenmannle" or "Broom-man" came into the moon with his faggot on his back.

Different versions are related in Limburg, where the man in the moon is believed to have stolen wood on Easter morning; while at Hemer, in Westphalia, people say he was engaged in fencing his field on Good Friday, and had just poised a bunch of thorns on his fork, when he was at once transported to the moon. Some of the Hemer peasants declare that the moon is not only inhabited by a man with his thornbush and pitch-fork, but likewise by a woman churning. They are husband and wife, and both broke the Sabbath, the man by fencing his field, and the woman by churning her butter, during the hours of divine service.

All nations seem to have a curious desire to account for the spots in the moon.

According to the Hindoos, Chandras, the god of the moon bears a hare in his arms.

The Mongolians also believe the spots represent a hare. One of their deities transformed himself into a hare in order to feed a starving wayfarer, and in honor of this act of virtue the figure of a hare was thenceforth visible in the moon.

The natives of Ceylon have a somewhat similar legend. When Buddha sojourned as a hermit on earth, he one day lost his way in a forest, and after long wanderings he met a hare, who thus addressed him: "I can help thee. Do thou take the right hand path, and I will guide thee out of the wilderness."

"I thank thee," returned Buddha, "but I am poor and starving, and am unable to require thy kindness."

"If thou art hungry," replied the hare, "light a fire, kill and eat me."

Buddha lighted a fire as desired, and the hare immediately leaped in; but Buddha now displayed his supernatural powers, and, tearing the hare from the flames, he placed it in the moon, where he still abides. This story is related by a French traveler in Ceylon, and he adds that his telescope was often borrowed by the natives, in order that they might inspect the hare in the moon.

Mullenhoff says that the people of Rantum, in the Schleswig island of Sylt, declare that the man in the moon is a giant, who bends down at full tide to scoop up the water and pour it on the earth. At low tide he stands upright, resting from his labors, so that the water may subside.

We now come to the superstitions attached to the power of the moon, and prominent among them is the idea that no work may be undertaken in moonshine. The Swabian people consider it a great sin to spin or knit by moonlight, as though one could not do enough by day. That is the reason why the moon does not give sufficient light for any work. Whoever ventures to spin, for example, weaves a rope for the neck of some relation. There are several stories illustrating the danger of transgressing this rule.

A poor woman at Breckenhelm, in Swabia, gained her livelihood by spinning, and her diligence was so great that she spent whole nights at her distaff; in order to save the expense of oil she never lighted her lamp when there was a full moon. As she thus sat spinning in the moonshine, and the church clock was tolling the hour of midnight, the door opened and a strange man entered. He had his arm full of distaffs, and said: "If thou dost not spin all these full this night, it will be all over with thee." With these words he vanished, leaving the poor woman in a terrible fright. Luckily she bethought herself of merely spinning the distaffs once over, and in this way she accomplished her task before daybreak. The stranger, who was the evil one himself, reappeared at the appointed time and silently took the spindles away with him. But never again did the woman spin by moonlight.

Schonwerth says that the peasants of the Upper Palantinate never leave their carts or agricultural implements out of doors when the moon is shining, as its beams would break them. For the same reason, linen must not be left hanging in the moonshine, and superstitious folks always warn their friends against sleeping in the moonlight, and bathing or drinking from any fountain or well, on which the rays of the moon fall. It is also unsafe to dance by moonlight, because the surface of the earth is then as thin as a cobweb, and the spirts underground are lured upward by the music. The moon is likewise said to blacken the complexion, to promote the decay of fish and meat, and even to blunt the edge of razors.

Dancing.

Dancing is very near as old as the world. David danced before the ark, Socrates learned dancing from Aspasia, the soldiers of Crete and Sparta went dancing into assault. Dancing probably originated in certain gestures which indicated contentment, pain, joy—just as music was born of certain analogous sounds. Plato, Socrates, Lycurgus, and others, held dancing in veneration. We are further informed that in old Chinese books dancing and music are described as the two most important departments of public affairs

An Amherst (Mass.) farmer lately offered one of the young ladies who teaches in the public schools there a bushel of potatoes if she would wheel them home through the streets at an hour when the greatest number of students were taking their walks. He had them loaded on the wheelbarrow ready for her, and she pluckily wheeled them home, telling him that when he had more potatoes to dispose of in that way to let her know.

"Pedicures" and "Manicures."

Olive Logan writes to *Harper's Bazar* as follows: At the bath house in Paris, near the church of La Madeleine, and which is called after that magnificent building, I told the female attendent that she might send the chiropodist, or, to use the French term, "pedicure," to me, as soon as I had my bath and dressed myself.

"Then madam will not have her feet 'done' while she is still in the bath?" she queried. "It is more convenient. It is thus that all our ladies do in Paris. Our pedicure is a good, brave woman, knowing well her trade."

The brave pedicure sustained her reputation for goodness by her looks when she appeared, and strapped a band of leather from side to side of the bath tub. She was a plump, good-natured woman of forty-five or so, and the easy manner in which she handled her numerous instruments showed her to be quite at ease in her profession. She placed my foot very gently and gracefully on the leather support (while I luxuriously reposed in the warm water of the bath tub), and dextrously manipulated the troubleseme little consequences of unceasing tramping and the rubbing of tight or ill-fitting shoes. She was a pleasant talker, and while she wielded her dainty implements with the ease and precision of long practice, she discoursed about the openings of the door of public opinion concerning the pedicure profession to the secondary sex.

"It is some years now," she said, since women pedicures first began to practice in the Paris bath houses. It is a very nice and suitable trade for a woman who has a sufficiently steady hand, and all day I am as busy as I can be, at forty sous for each lady, putting her feet in order.

"Does everybody have troublesome feet, then?"

"Everybody," she answered positively. "There is not a lady bather comes to those rooms who has not got corns—some, frightful ones. These modern high-heeled boots are abominations; they murder the feet of all who wear them."

The female pedicure gave me such ease that I felt as if she had furnished me with a brand new pair of feet when I got up and prepared to walk off on them.

"And the hands?" she suggested. "You would not like your finger nails 'done?' Handsome finger nails—they advantage greatly an already pretty hand."

Sly flatterer! I was in for "doing" of the hands, of course.

"I will give you the address of the manicure we recommend," she said No, I am not a manicure—pedicure is my only trade."

In the course of the day, more from curiosity than anything else, I betook myself to the rooms of the manicure, between the hours indicated on her business card for her reception of clients at home. To my surprise I found the place crowded, not only with ladies, but with gentlemen, patiently awaiting their turn for the favor of a sitting with the manicure. The dress and bearing of all present indicated their position, and in almost every case it was one of importance. Grave senators, young scions of nobility, numerous stately gentlemen decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, tastefully attired ladies with children attended by servants, two or three pretty American girls, sat around the room and glanced over books and newspapers to relieve the tedium of waiting. The manicure's operations were performed in the same room, and under her skillful scissoring and rubbing we saw hand after hand depart in a much more beautiful condition than when it was brought there.

After a tedious waiting my turn at length came, and I seated myself by the manicure's little table, upon which were scattered the tools of her trade. These were scissors and knives of a shape specially devised for the trimming of the nails; files, nail-cleaners, a small basin of rose water with a bit of soap near it, a tiny towel of linen cambric, a bit of lemon, and various polishing powders and sweet-smelling unguents in the form of ruby-colored pomades. The first step in her proceedings was to wash off the finger tips carefully, then to dry them, after assuring herself that there were no ink spots or other stain upon them. Then she clipped and trimm

The Centre Reporter.

FRED. KURTZ.....EDITOR.

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CENTRE HALL, Pa., Nov. 1, 1877.

STATE DEM. TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE.
JOHN TRUNKEY, of Venango.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL.
WM. P. SCHELL, of Bedford.

FOR STATE TREASURER.
Col. A. C. NOYES, of Clinton

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.
DAVID F. FORTNEY.

If you want an honest, square, upright state government, go to the polls next Tuesday, 6th, and vote for Noyes, Trunkey and Schell.

And if you want a highly competent district attorney for Centre county, vote for Fortney.

Two of the Reading bridge burners, during the late strike riots, Samuel Humphries and Edmund Smith, who both pleaded guilty to the burning of the Lebanon Valley bridge, were each sentenced to an imprisonment of five years and to pay a fine of $1,000.

The South Carolina rascals, trial will commence soon. Ex-Treasurer Parker will turn state's evidence. The court in which the ex-officials will be tried convened on Monday. Judge Townsend, a republican, will preside. The petit jury is composed of nineteen colored and seventeen white persons, fifteen of whom are democrats and twenty-one republicans.

Col. Noyes majority will be doubled in Clinton and Lycoming. Old Square Timber will prove "a bigger man than old" Hart.

Patterson will have a hard road to travel. He may be forced from his seat in the Senate before the end of the session. The principal evidence against Patterson comes from a colored State Senator named Maxwell, who has resigned his seat because of other corruption of which he has been guilty. Maxwell testifies that when a tie existed in the State Senate between Patterson and his competitor, ex-Governer Scott, Patterson paid him money to change his vote, thereby securing Patterson's election.

The republicans of New York are already throwing up the sponge and admit the democrats will carry the state. Of course they will, and with a rattling big majority too. Pennsylvania will do the same. Now, democrats of Centre, turn out on 7th, and help swell the big majority. We have splendid men on our ticket. Trunkey, Noyes, Schell and Fortney. Don't stay from the polls.

Wednesday last, 31, was the 360 anniversary of the Reformation. The great event was no doubt commemorated by the Lutherans in Europe and America.

Col. Noyes has come up to us from the ranks of the hardfisted workingmen. By his labor, his honesty and industry, he has won a front seat among the good and valued citizens of the commonwealth. Workingmen, vote for Noyes next Tuesday—as a legislator he has always voted for your interests. As an employer he has been a friend and benefactor to those in his employ.

Ben Butler has made an offer of marriage to Anna Dickinson. The gentle Anna and roaring old Ben—what a team that would make! As a wedding trip we would suggest to the Dutch Gap canal, then to New Orleans where the spoons were captured—well, we'll stop there until we learn whether Anna will sack him or not. Rather guess she will.

Old Ben is very changeable in his notions—last year he negotiated for a 30,000 acre Colorado stock farm, and intended to raise calves; he backed out of that, and now wants to get married and raise Butlers.

A terrible warning to boys who read the Reporter. In New York one day last week, the mother of a lad 16 years of age, fell dead on hearing of his arrest. The boy with a comrad broke into a liquor store on Sunday night previous.

The Pennsylvania republican delegation in congress have recommended Simon Cameron for the English mission. Hayes asked them whom they desired, and a meeting resulted as stated. With reference to this the Tribune says:

If Secretary Evarts thought to circumvent the wily politicians of Pennsylvania in political strategy, it must be confessed that they have beaten him badly at his own game. It is supposed that he has been desirous to appoint Mr. Wayne MacVeagh, or some gentleman of similar high standing and unquestioned fitness, to the English Mission, but has also been anxious that the appointment should not be unsatisfactory to the Pennsylvania politicians. So he asks them to agree upon some eminent Pennsylvanian whose appointment to the English Mission would gratify them. They promptly agree, and, to the amazement of the Secretary and the President present the name of—Mr. Simon Cameron! The administration has been led into a good many missteps, and some follies, through the self-sufficient opinion of some of the Cabinet, that they needed no advice from anybody. It is a pity that, on one of the first conspicuous questions where they have sought advice at all, they have received such a terrible dose of it. Now that Mr. Evarts has got the best judgement of the Pennsylvania delegation as to the right way to fill the English Mission, it will be curious to see what he will do with it.

THE OPPORTUNITY.

If the Democracy ever had an opportunity to win, it is now. With unexceptionable candidates for every position to be voted for, with bickerings and dissensions distracting and disorganizing the opposition, and the people—the over-burdened taxpayers—ripe and anxious for a change, all that is necessary to again bring victory to the time-honored banners of the party of Jefferson and of Jackson, is harmony. It is the duty of every Democrat, every disgusted Republican and every independent voter to give his best energies to the task of bringing our State government back to the honest and economical paths from which they have been diverted by corrupt Republican officials. It is only necessary for every good citizen to act vigilantly, diligently, determinedly, and they will accomplish that for which future generations will bless them. Try it.

WHOOP! BALTIMORE.

Baltimore, last week, gave 15,000 democratic majority over all other tickets.

Pittsburg desires to saddle the strike damages on the state. Judge Sterrett, the republican candidate for Supreme Judge is a Pittsburger and would decide in favor of it. Voters will see the danger of electing Sterrett and having $4,000,000 added to our debt for taxpayers to pay. Vote for Trunkey, then, on Tuesday.

The stockholders of the Northumberland Co. National Bank, are having a rough road to travel with their pet. The Shamokin Times says that W. H. M. Oram, Esq., Receiver of the Northumberland County National Bank, received instructions on Wednesday from the Comptroller of the Currency to issue notices to the stockholders of the above bank that they will be required to pay in an amount equal to the full amount of stock held by them, to go towards making up the deficiency between the assets and liabilities of the bank. The stockholders will be required to pay half the amount inside of ninety days. This notice will be an unpleasant surprise to the unfortunate stockholders. Most of them had no doubt made up their minds that they would be assessed the full amount of stock held by them but they did not anticipate that payment would be demanded so soon, or that so little time would be given them in which to "pony up" after they were given notice. The Receiver is ordered to collect the amounts from the stockholders by suit or otherwise, as the case may be, and has no alternative to avoid carrying out the instructions of the Comptroller. Even after the stockholders have paid in the full amounts of the assessments against them, the bank will not be able to pay more than seventy-five per cent. on its liabilities. A dividend of twenty-five per cent. was declared last week, which is now ready for payment.

Sherman's policy seems to be a vigorous one, judging from the manner in which it tends to create smash-ups. Here are the latest:

Indianapolis, October 22.—The bank of Bunker Hill at Bunker Hill, Illinois, suspended this morning. The liabilities are sixty thousand dollars. The bank officers say depositors will be paid in full.

San Francisco, October 22.—The failure of the Carvill Carriage Manufacturing Company is announced. Liabilities are $50,000. Assets are nominally stated as $80,000.

Quincy, October 22.—The failure is announced of Bedford, McCoe & Co., an old lumber firm of this city. Liabilities estimated from $100,000 to $150,000.

And here comes another railroad war, just as the weather commences to get cold. The facts are telegraphed as follows:

The Pittsburg and Lake Erie railroad crosses the tracks of the Lawrence and New Castle, a leased line of the Pennsylvania railroad, at Mahoningtown, Pa. Last week the latter began grading for a side track to be placed four or five feet below the grade of the main track, with the intention of preventing the new road from crossing their line. The Lake Erie road, however, put a large force of men to work and succeeded in making the crossing. On night of 25 a large force of workmen employed by the Lawrence and New Castle road marched to the crossing and tore up the newly laid track of the Lake Erie road. The latter road with a still larger number of workmen relaid the track, and it was again torn up next evening.

The Iron Works at Danville are all idle except two mills. There is not a furnace in blast. Yet we hear not a word from Republicans that all this is caused by the tariff. They have for more than fifteen years regulated the tariff and made it specially high on iron, yet the iron business is dead, as well as many other kinds of business that have been protected by a high "protective" tariff. This result shows that a high tariff will overstimulate a business at the expense of the consumer, only in the end to break down under its own weight of over production.

The democratic nominee for district attorney, Mr. D. F. Fortney, is a self made man. Through his own perseverance and industry, and without any other assistance, he has succeeded in gaining prominence as an attorney at the Bellefonte bar. He is a fit man for the office; the common classes of our people can always approach him, for he has ever sympathized with them. As a democrat he has always been among the hardest workers in our party. Give him a full vote, on Tuesday, fellow democrats—no one is more deserving your support.

We suppose the qualifications the Pennsylvania delegation at Washington found in Simon Cameron for the English mission, were his successful negotiations with the Winnebago Indians, when he doctored them up with Middletown shin-plasters, and gorged his own pockets with the stealings off that tribe.

We hardly think that Dale wants the office of District attorney—he is rich and feels above it. Mr. Fortney is not rich, but he is just the man for the place, and will make one of the best district attorneys we ever had.

Vote for the farmer boy, D. F. Fortney for district attorney. He rose from the ranks of the honest and humble, and is the friend of the poor.

An editor of a rad sheet out in Missouri threatens to publish "a little episode from a Pennsylvania paper," against, Mr. B. F. Meyer, publisher of the Bethany, Mo., Broad-ax. Can't do it—there is nothing published, nothing that can be published, from here, that will hurt Frank in the least. His reputation here is XXX.

Senator Wallace has introduced a bill providing for the issue of $400,000,000 silver dollars, half dollars and quarters.

Grant is now in Paris, where a big time—feasting and drinking—awaits him.

Morton the embezzler has been re-arrested, the judge told him for embezzlement of $200,000, upon which no security had been entered.

There are still deaths by yellow fever at Fernandina, Florida.

Ex-Mayor Sanderson, of Lancaster, is dead.

Sobeski Ross, who once represented this district in Congress, committed suicide, as will be seen from a dispatch in another column.

Marshal MacMahon is preparing to defy the people's will.

Senator Morton's condition is worse.

The colored voters of Pittsburg have cut loose from the republicans and resolved to go for the Greenback ticket, and a colored democratic organization is also in operation.

The selection of the Hon. Wm. A. Wallace for membership of the Committee on Foreign Relations by his fellow members of the senate was a compliment well-bestowed. Pennsylvania thus still has a member of that important committee.

NEW TROUBLE FOR HAYES.

Hayes has a new trouble on hand—the appointment of a minister to England and the Cameron business has caused the latest serious unpleasantness. Hayes, through Evarts, informed the Pennsylvania delegation he would appoint whomever they would agree upon. Don then had the delegation fix upon his father for the place. This was unexpected and the President refuses to give the old Winnebago the appointment, and the dissatisfaction that has been created by his refusal threatens a big split in the party.

A Washington special says: "It is the present intention of Secretary Evarts to offer the English mission to a citizen of Illinois, the naming of ex-Senator Cameron having terminated all further disposition to offer anything more in this direction. The administration is so indignant at the attempt of Senator Cameron and the Pennsylvania delegation in congress to draw them into an attitude stultifying and ridiculous that they have essentially determined to break off all future political relations with them. In making the Philadelphia custom house appointments it was proposed to consult with the senator, but his recent course, has precluded any such action."

Another special, of 25 ult., says: Chairman Wilson, General Bingham and Messrs. Leeds and Pennypacker, had an interview with Mr. Hayes on the subject of the political order. Mr. Hayes observed that there would be no objection to federal officeholders making speeches in the campaign after the nominations were made. Subsequently, they visited the senate to engage a few speakers for the campaign, but up to this time none were willing to comply. Among those requested were Conkling and Oglesby.

There is a very lively condition of affairs at the executive mansion to-day, and the ante-rooms of Mr. Hayes' chamber have been filled with a very anxious throng of people, all seeking an interview with him, and all with reference to appointments for themselves or others in whose interest they appear. Two different delegations from Pennsylvania have been in consultation with Hayes, one composed entirely of citizens, principally merchants of Philadelphia, and headed by Messers. Edward T. Steel and Joel J. Baily, who are here by appointment, and are in conference with Mr. Hayes upon the subject of appointments in that city, the collectorship of that port being, it is stated, a part of the discussion, and it is also mentioned that the present collector is being strongly indorsed. A more interesting consultation was that held with Mr. Hayes and several of the most prominent members of the republican organization in the state of Pennsylvania. The delegation was composed of Colonel Wilson, chairman of the present central committee of Pennsylvania; Colonel Hoyt, chairman of the committee of last year; W. R. Leeds, Governor Hartranft, Gen. Henry H. Bingham, and Messrs. Freeman, Ward and O'Neill, members of congress from that state, and one or two others. These gentlemen were with Mr. Hayes for some time, and explained their views upon topics related to what they considered the true interests of the party they represent, and with regard to certain appointments which it would be advantageous, in their view, to have made.

The big Lumber Suit between the Baileys and Eder, Housel & Deemer has been concluded by a verdict for the amount claimed, about $37,000; add to this the costs, and it is said that the amount will reach $50,000. An incident of the suit is reported by the Times as follows.

One of these employees, named Dyer, took the stand and testified that the true lines were shown and that he had received from time to time large sums of money as gifts from the defendants' book-keeper. Having asked what these gifts meant he was told that it was "all right." Subsequently, according to a prearrangement, he had an interview with Mr. Deemer at a house in Williamsport, where a couple of detectives were secreted in an adjoining room waiting to hear the conversation, for the witness had informed his employers of the whole matter "Deemer then and there told me," he continued, "that whatever 'Joe' Gilmore, the book-keeper, did was right and he wanted me to testify as he wished about the lines. I appeared as if I would agree, and after the interview the book-keeper paid me various amounts—in all $1,100—and also gave me a watch worth $300." The money and the watch were now shown by the witness. One Whitman, another of the three employees, was arrested before the trial commenced, and held upon affidavit that he was offered money by the defendants to absent himself from the trial.

THE LARGEST CROP OF GRAIN THIS COUNTRY HAS YET PRODUCED.

The grain crop of the United States this autumn is a vast increase over that of any preceding year in the history of the country. It amounts in the two principal cereals, wheat and corn, to 325,000,000 bushels of the former, and 1,280,000,000 of the latter, according to the careful estimates of Mr. Walker, the statistician of the New York produce exchange. The movement of this enormous crop has just begun to be felt, as up to the past eight weeks the exportations were of last year's crop; but the sudden increase already noted gives good promise of a golden future. During the brief period mentioned our exports of wheat from the ports of New York, Montreal, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans and Portland have aggregated 11,525,188 bushels, against an exportation from the same ports during a corresponding period of last year of 3,938,951, bushels, showing an increase of 7,586,237 bushels. There has also been an increase of 708,234 bushels in the exportation of rye during the same time, and in peas an increase of 81,409 bushels. In corn alone there has been a falling off to the extent of 1,633,054 in that time.

A GOOD SCHOOL HISTORY.

We have never been particularly eager to bring about changes in school-books, but always favor improvement in this direction when its signs and omens are sufficiently manifest. The best helps of instruction are none too good for our children, and they should be carefully sought and promptly adopted when found.

We have recently given a little thought to historical text-books, having had a new work of this kind placed in our hands for examination, which excites unusual interest in all who have given it proper study. The book is the production of Prof. J. C. Ridpath, an accomplished scholar and historian, who is well known for several works delineating our national records and progress; and he has certainly invested the subject with fresh attractions. His text is admirable, with faultless arrangement and a series of the best illustrative maps, charts, and diagrams it has ever been our good fortune to see in any history. Prominent educators speak of it in terms of unmeasured commendation, and it is going into use very rapidly in all communities where the education of youth is regarded as a matter of prime moment. Our readers will do well to examine it for themselves.

That was a pretty solemn gathering at Secretary Sherman's house in Washington, last week, when the Republican leaders relieved their minds on the political situation, but it was illuminated with one delicious gleam of humor from General Butler. When the General arose to give his view, he began by stating, with great seriousness, that he was pleased to meet with his colleagues from Massachusetts, and that he could not remember that he had even been called to a conference with them before, unless it was to consider the preliminaries of some funeral. Washington hasn't finished laughing at the neat joke yet.

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine for November contains 128 pages of the best reading matter the month will afford us. To its readers it must prove a source of mental pleasure and recreation. Non-sectarian in its principle, it is purely religious in tone and teaching. It contains 100 fine engravings. The opening pages treat of the progress of Japan. Russia, Egypt, Greenland and other far away places are also noticed in its columns. The usual number of beautiful stories, the "Home Pulpit," by the editor, Dr. Deems, a quantity of witty paragraphs, poems, etc. complete the work. Its intrinsic value to the home-circle is far in advance of its price. Every family should subscribe to this beautiful publication during the year 1878.

LIST OF AWARDS OF AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Concluded.

Class 24—Pets.

Best lot of Maltese cats, Clyde Snetzler $1 00. Best coop of pigeons, Wm E Shafer 1 50. Best cage turtle doves, Adam Garbrick 50c. Best cage of squirrels, Tommy Glenn 50c. Best cage of canary birds, Miss Etta Chambers 50c. Second best, Miss Anna Shortlidge 25c.

SECOND DEPARTMENT.

Agricultural and Horticultural Products.

Class 25—Grain and Seed.

Best bushel white wheat—Sam'l Brugger, Wm F Jordon, Edward Johnston, J Arney, J W Sweetwood, Peter Hockman, Wm M Iddings. Favorably mentioned. Judges unable to decide.

Best bushel of red wheat—Wm Iddings, Harrison Kline, J R Alexander, Geo S Hoy, Henry Gross, Ephriam Keller, Geo Dale. Favorably mentioned. Judges unable to decide.

Best sheaf white wheat, Geo K Baker $1 00. Best bushel white corn in ear, Joseph Kitchen 1 00. Best bushel yellow corn in ear, Judges unable to decide. Best peck pop corn in ear, J Willis Weaver 1 00. Best sample corn on stalk, Judges unable to decide. Best broom corn, Geo Hoffer 1 00. Best bush rye, Edward Johnston 1 00. Best bush oats, James F Weaver 1 00. Best bush barley, Hezekiah Hoy 1 00. Best bush buckwheat, Jas M Lucas 1 00. Best 1 bushel timothy seed, Ed G Osmer Prac Farmer. Best ½ bushel clover seed, W F Jordon Prac Farmer. Best ½ bushel Hung. grass seed, Wm Iddings Prac Farmer.

Class 26—Flour and Meal.

Best cwt flour from white wheat, Wm Thompson Jr Diploma. Best cwt meal from white corn, Duncan, Hale and Co. Diploma.

Class 28—Fruits.

Apples.

Best 3 fall varieties ½ doz apples each, T B Rupert Prac. Farmer. Best 3 winter varieties ½ dozen apples each, Geo Smetzler Prac. Farmer. Best sample irrespective of variety 1 doz, J F Krebs $1 00. Best sample apples—1876, J Irwin Gray Prac. Farmer. Sample apples from same tree 1876—7, Dan'l L Grove, 25c.

Pears

Best 3 summer or fall varieties 1 doz each, W B Eckley, Prac. Farmer. Best sample irrespective of variety not less than 1 doz W B Eckley $1 00.

Quinces.

Best sample irrespective of variety not less that 1 doz, J W Sweetwood 1 00.

Grapes.

Best sample irrespective of variety not less than 4 bunches, Jacob Hoover Prac. Farmer.

Orchards.

Best apple orchard of not less than 36 trees of over 8 years growth planted by competitor, Dan'l L Grove $4 00.

THIRD DEPARTMENT.

Agricultural Implements, Manufactured Articles, Mechanics, etc.

Class 29—Agricultural Implements.

Best combined mower and reaper, J M Thompson, Diploma. Best grain seperator, Henry A Gentzel, Diploma. Best grain drill and grass seed sower combined J M Thompson, Diploma. Best roller, Geo Swartz, Best cultivator, J M Thompson, Diploma. Best straw and fodder cutter, McClellan & Speer, Diploma. Best corn planter, E L Burgstresser Diploma. Best farm mill, Ezra Krumbine, Diploma. Best chilled plow, John Rishel, Diploma. Best seed cleaner, Shaffer & Aikens Diploma. Best display of Agricultural implements, J M Thompson Diploma and $10.

Class 30—Furniture and Utensils for Farms, Dairy & Household.

Best power churn with power attached, H N Twitmire Diploma. Best sausage stuffer, John H Wolf Diploma. Best washing machine, Geo M Swartz Diploma. Best patent invalid bedstead, Wm. H Hagood Diploma. Best hat rack, W H Musser Diploma.

Class 31—Wagons & Carriages.

Best open buggy, John R Hartruff Diploma. Best top buggy, John R Hartruff Diploma. Best set wagon spindles, J Miles Green.

Class 32—Lumber and its Manufactures.

Best display of wall brackets, Francis Speer Diploma. Best display cooper ware home made, John Roan 3 00. Best specimen dove tailing, Geo K Baker Diploma. Best collection of native wood showing annual growth &c., Samuel Brugger Diploma.

Class 33—Leather and its Manufactures.

Best pair coarse boot—Factory made John Powers Diploma. Best pair ladies gaiters factory made, John Powers, Diploma. Best pair ladies shoes factory made, John Powers Diploma. Best pair children's shoes factory made, John Powers Diploma. Best pair coarse boots home made, John Powers Diploma. Best pair ladies gaiters home made, John Powers Best display of boots and shoes John Powers Diploma. Best set single harness Dan'l Garman 1 00. Best set double harness Jerry Tressler 1 00. Best set tug harness, Dan'l Garman 1 00. Best pair Napolean boots home made John Powers Diploma. Best pair gents alligator boots home made, John Powers Diploma. Best pair calf stitched boots home made, John Powers Diploma.

Class 34—Iron and its Manufactures.

Largest display of stoves, T A Hicks & Bro. Diploma. Best set of forged horse shoes for trotting, Henry T Norris 1 50. Best set horse shoes forged for common work, Jerry Tressler 1 50.

FOURTH DEPARTMENT.

Home.

Class 35—Wines, Pickles, Preserves, &c.

Best jar preserved peaches, Aggie House 50. Best jar preserved apples, Mrs J J Musser 50c. Best jar preserved quinces, Mrs Annie Furey 50c. Best jar preserved cherries, Mrs Harry Yeager 50c. Best jar raspberry jelly, Miss Lizzie Musser 50c. Best jar elderberry jelly, Mrs David Bartley 50c. Best jar apple jelly, Mrs Albert Smeltzler 50c. Best jar quince jelly, Mrs Minervs Garbrick 50c. Best jar grape jelly, Mrs Mary A Neff 50c. Best jar crab-apple jelly, Mrs C Dale Jr 50c. Best sample apple butter, Mrs Wm Iddings 50c. Best sample peach butter, Mrs Albert Smeltzer 50c. Best sample pear butter, Mrs H F Bartley 50c. Best sample quince butter, Jos Crotzer 50c. Best sample grape butter, Mrs Albert Smeltzer 50c. Best sample plum butter, Miss Bella Lytle 50c. Best jar mixed pickles, Mrs Albert Smeltzer 50c. Second best, Mrs J F Weaver 25c. Best grape wine, Mrs C M Sellers 50c. Best currant wine, Mrs C M Sellers 50c. Best cider vinegar, Mrs C W F Gray 50c. Best raspberry vinegar, Mrs H F Bartley 50c. Best pickled cucumbers Mrs H F Bartley 50c. Best pickled tomatoes, Mrs J F Weaver 50c. Best pickled onions, Mrs J F Weaver 50c. Best pickled cabbage 50c. Best chow-chow, Mrs Albert Smeltzer 50c. Best cherry butter, Mrs John Sankey 50c. Best spiced melon Miss Aggie Smeltzer 50c. Best currant jelly, Miss Maggie Shafer 50c

Class 36—Fresh Butter.

Best 2 lbs butter from a churning not less than 4 pounds, Maggie E Groh Hendersons Flower Gardening. Second best Mrs K M Musser Am. Agriculturalist. Best butter made by a girl under 16 years of age without aid, Lettie M Smetzler 2 00. Second best, Carrie R Hunter Henderson's Flower Gardening Third best, Mrs G M Boal 50c.

Class 37—Cheese.

Best home made cheese, Miss Silvia Jones Hendersons Flower Gardening.

Class 38—Tub and Salted Butter.

Best firkin of salted butter, not less than 1 month old, Mrs Isaiah Struble 3 00.

Class 39—Bread, (Sub A)

In which none but married ladies can compete.

Best lot of wheat bread, Mrs Kate M Musser 2 00. Second best, Mrs Annie Kurtz 1 00. Best loaf of rye bread Mrs H K Hoy 1 00. Best loaf of bran bread, Mrs J F Weaver 1 00. Best ½ doz tea biscuit, Mrs Bartley 1 00.

Bread, (B)

In which none but single ladies can compete.

Best loaf of wheat bread, Miss I Wagner 2 00. Second best, Miss Jennie Rhinesmith 1 00. Best ½ doz tea biscuit, Miss M Ray 1 00.

Bread (C)

Girls under 15 years of age.

Best loaf of wheat bread, Miss C M Lawyer 2 00. Second best, Clara M Dale 1 00.

Class 40—Cakes, Pastry, Honey, &c.

Best rusk, Mrs Albert Smeltzer 1 00. Best biscuit, Miss Annie Dale 1 00 Best pound cake, Miss Sarah Roan 1 00. Best sponge cake, Mrs Sarah Garbrick 1 00. Best cocoanut cake, Miss Lizzie Shortlidge 1 00. Best white mountain cake, Mrs David Bartley 1 00. Best chocolate cake, Mrs D Bartley 1 00. Best doughnuts, Mrs George Taylor 1 00. Best ginger bread, Mrs C Dale jr 1 00. Fresh butter in prints, Mrs Sarah Davidson 1 00. Best 5 pounds honey, Miss Ida Yearick 1 00. Best display of not less than 3 boxes of honey, Mrs J H Barnhart Bee Journal. 5 lbs home made hard soap, Mrs J A McClintick 1 00. Best apple pie, Mrs Ellen Eckley 1 00. Best lemon pie, Miss Lizzie Weaver 1 00. Best pumpkin pie, Miss Mary Eckert 1 00. Best mince pie, Mrs John J Musser 1 00. Best apple custard, Miss Clara M Dale 1 00. Egg custard, Miss Mary Eckert 1 00. Best measure cake, Mrs Sarah C Dale 50c. Best dried corn, Mrs Joseph Kitchen 50c. Best granger cake, Mrs M E Seibert 50c. Best snow cake, Mrs E Chambers 50c. Best marble cake, Miss Fannie E Gray 50c.

Class 41—Quilting, Needlework, Embroidery and Ornamental Work.

Best delaine quilt, Etie C Taylor 2 00 Best calico quilt, Mrs J F Weaver 1 00. Best white quilt, Mrs H K Hoy 1 00 Best woolen coverlet, A O Deininger 1 00. Best woolen blanket, Miss Lizzie Rhice 1 00. Best home made rug, Miss A D Keaish 1 00. Best home made woolen stockings, Miss Alice Barnhart 1 00. Best home made stocking yarn, Mrs. Geo. Taylor 1 00. Best pair of woolen gloves—knit, Sephia E Young 1 00. Best pair woolen mittens—knit, Miss Sallie E Benner 1 00 Best silk embroidery, Mrs John N Lane, 200. Best toilet mats, Bessie B Meek 1 00. Best worked chemisette, Mrs E Chambers 1 00. Best worked yoke and sleeve, Miss Lizzie Rhice 1 00. Best sample of tatting Sophie E Young 1 00. Best sample edging, Sophie E Young 1 00. Best carriage afghan, Mrs Jas B Lane 1 00. Best child's afghan, Mrs Jas B Lane 1 00. Best crocheted zephyr shawl, Mrs Geo W Campbell 1 00. Best knitted zephyr shawl, Miss S E Benner 1 00. Best pair child's socks, Sophie E Young 1 00. Best sofa pillows, Nannie E Campbell 1 00. Best sofa cover Mrs Dr Hibler 1 00. Best pair slippers, Rachael E Hunter 1 00. Best work basket Fannie E Gray 1 00. Best needle book, Mrs P H Haupt 1 00. Best watch case, Mrs W F Rearick 1 00. Best toilet cushion, Mrs J C Curtin 1 00. Best netted cake cover, Sallie E Bonner 1 00. Best netted tidy, Ada Lingle 1 00. Best embroidered tidy, Mrs Shannon Boal 1 00. Best crocheted tidy, Ella Schroyer 1 00. Best worsted tidy, Mrs J B Shaver 1 00. Best specimen bead work, Effie Straub 1 00. Best specimen burr work, Mrs Geo W Campbell 1 00. Best specimen hair work, Mrs A Love 1 00. Best specimen leather work, Martha P Wilson 1 00. Best specimen shell work, A O Deininger 1 00. Best specimen moss work, E M Tuten 1 00. Best specimen wax work, Mattie Morrison 1 00. Best wax fruit, Mrs Shannon Boal 1 00. Best feather flowers, Mrs A A King 1 00. Best zephyr flowers, M Rhoda Potter 1 00. Best and most meritorious piece of ornamental work of any kind, Mrs P H Haupt 1 00. Best piece of rag carpet made in the county, Mrs G W Campbell 1 00. Best canvass tidy, Mrs Geo Campbell 50c. Best white canvass tidy, Mrs Geo W Campbell 50c. Best buff canvass tidy, Miss E Schroyer 50c. Best railroad canvass tidy, Mrs George Campbell 50c. Best air castle M Rhoda Potter 50c. Best "scratch my back" Mrs J H McCormick 50c. Best honey comb canvass tidy, mrs M M Dale 50c. Best java canvass tidy, miss A Sankey 50c. Best sofa cushion, mrs J B Shaver 1 00. Best night dress, Mrs Jas Iddings 1 00. Best seed wreath, miss Ella Schroyer 1 07.

Class 42—Fine Arts and Penmanship.

Best oleograph, Progress Grange 1 00. Best oil painting, T B Nolan 5 00. Best penciling, miss E J Marshall 1 00 Best specimen map drawing, J Barnes 1 00 and Diploma. Best crayon drawing, T B Nolan 6 00 and Diploma.

Class 43—Flowers and Designs.

Best display of dahlias, mrs K M Musser, Henderson's Pleasure Gardening. Best display of phloxes, Mrs H F Bartley Hen. Pleas. Gard. Best display of zinneas, mrs A C Moore Hen. Pleas. Gard. Best display of coxcombs, mrs H F Bartley Hen. Pleas. Gard. Best display of ornamental foliage, Mrs Geo Campbell Best display of verbenas, mrs David Bartley Hen. Pleas. Gard. Best display of pansies, mrs George Campbell Hen. Pleas. Gard. Best miscellaneous boquet, miss Maggie Shafer Hen. Pleas. Gard. Second best miscellaneous flowers, mrs H F Bartley Hen. Pleas. Gard. Best boquet of dahlias not less than 12 varieties, mrs M A Neff 3 00. Best miscellaneous flowers, mrs John Morgan 3 00.

Class 44—Miscellaneous Articles.

Best display of cigars made in county, Cruse & Co Diploma. Best display of hats and caps, Montgomery & Co Diploma. Best display of birds, F P Green Diploma. Best collection of fossils, Abe V Miller Diploma and 2 00. Best collection in mineralogy, Abe V Miller Diploma, Best display of musical instruments, Bunnel & Aikens Diploma.

Fifth—Children's Department.

Class 45—Girls under 15 years of age.

Best java canvass tidy, Jennie Boal 1 00. Second best Annie Johnston 50c. Best pin cushion, Mamie Pifer 1 00. Second best, Mary B Morris 50c. Best calico quilt, Blanche A Dale 1 00. Second best Clara M Dale 50c. Best hand made girl's suit, Frankie Thompson 1 00. Best pair hand knit socks, Alice Rumbarger 1 00. Best specimen needlework, M B Morris 1 00. Second, Mary E McQuistion 50c. Best specimen hair work, S Alice Hoy 50c.

Class 46—Boys under 16 years age and apprentices.

Best bushel corn selected and exhibited by boy, Orin S Dale 1 00. Best bushel potatoes selected and exhibited by boy, John E Young 1 00. Best bushel apples selected and exhibited by boy, Philip D Foster 1 00. Best sheaf of wheat selected and exhibited by boy, Wm B Young 1 00. Best sheaf of rye selected and exhibited by boy Jeremiah Hoy 1 00. Best sheaf oats, selected and exhibited by boy, Wm Young 1 00. Best specimen carpenter work, J H Weaver 1 00. Best specimen cabinet work, J H Weaver 1 00. Best specimen blacksmith work, pair of horse shoes, Jas Cornely 1 00. Best specimen drawing, C A Campbell 1 00. Second best, Robby F Hunter 75c. Boys goat team.

Class 47—Discretionary Committee.

Model of bridge, Samuel Brugger Diploma. Display of Gent's Furnishing goods. Montgomery & Co. Diploma. Display of confectionery, &c., James Welsh & Co Diploma. Best display of cloths, casimeres & Montgomery & Co Diploma. Best display of Pharmaceutical preparation, F P Green Diploma. Carpet Exhibitor, S & A Loeb Diploma. Bellefonte Water Wheel, Wm P Duncan & Co Diploma.

SIXTH DEPARTMENT.

Amusements.

Walking Race.

First—8 min 5 sec, Jas Smith 3 00. Second—9 min 15 sec, Fred Gummo 2 00. Third, John Eckert 1 00.

Foot Race—By men.

First, Jas Chain 2 00. Second, Chas m'Laughlin 1 00.

Hurdle Race—For Boys.

First, Cooper Date 1 00. Second, Andrew Parsons 75c. Third Chas Powell 50. Fourth, Andrew Powers 25c. Fifth, John miller 25c. Sixth, Chas Little 25c. Seventh, miles Newcomer 25c. Eith, John Cox 25c. Ninth, Elmer Folk, Tenth, Frank Hunter.

Sack Race.

First, Frank miller 75c. Second, James miller 50c. Third, Jeff Heaton 25c. Fourth, Harry Williams 25c. Fifth, Leander Green 25.

Wheel-barrow Race.

First, Harry Williams 2 00. Second J A Wagner 1 00. Third, James Smith 75c. Fourth Sohn Delige 50c. Fifth, Edward Roan 25c.

Velocipede Race.

First, Paul Vosburg 2 00. Second Edward Thodes 1 00.

Horseback Riding by Ladies and Gentlemen in couples.

First, E Chambers and mother 5 00. Second, L Neff and wife 4 00. Third, G m Boal and wife 3 00.

Fantastic Parade.

First, (Wooly Head) W P Brown 5 00. Second, (Snout) Geo Fasig 4 00. Third, (Steve Brown) Jos Seibert 3 00. Fourth, (Nebuchadnazar) michael Shields 2 00. Fifth, (Indian Red Dog) Chas Koontz, 1 00.

Trotting Race (1 mile heat) best 2 in 3. Horses making time Nearest 5 minutes.

First, Bond Valentine 10 00. Second, A Gamm 6 00.

Corn Husking match.

First, John H Wolf 2 00. Second, Amos Garbrick 1 50. Third, Jas Winkleman 1 00.

Single Horseback Riding by Ladies

First, mrs Geo m Boal Ladies Saddle second, mrs Lafayette Neff bridle, Third mrs E Chambers 3 00. Fourth, mrs Eliza Lohr 2 00.

Single Horse-back Riding by Gentlemen.

First, Fred Reynolds Gents Saddle. Second, Dr W C Grove, bridle. Third, C Dale Jr 3 00. Fourth, Geo m Boal 2 00. Fifth, Lafayette Neff 1 00.

——"Godey's Lady's Book" for November opens with a very beautiful steel-plate engraving, entitled "Music hath Charms." Then we have a colored fashion plate, of five figures, and a great variety of engravings for ladies' work, &c. In addition to this it has a large amount of choice and interesting reading, making it altogether an interesting number.

——We have tried Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in our family, and can assert that it is the best remedy for a cough or cold ever introduced. Price 25 cents.

——Rev. Bricker of Logansville, has received a call from Fishersville, Union co. Luth. charge, and will shortly go there.

——No oil at Hyner yet—well 1300 feet in depth.

Fortney the poor and competent, or Dale the rich man—which?

NOW IS YOUR TIME.

Owing to the fact that we expect to move into our new store room about the 25th of November, and DESIRING TO OPEN AN ENTIRE NEW STOCK, we will until that time, in order to save us the trouble of moving old goods, offer our entire

Stock at First Cost—Without Reserve.

We have now in store a very large amount of goods, consisting of

DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
CLOTHING,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
LADIES CLOAKS,
FURS,

And every article necessary for winter use in endless variety all of which w will actually

SELL AT COST.

Until our removal to our new rooms. COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES.

1nov1m JOSEPH BRO. & CO.

BOOTS. SHOES. BOOTS!!!

at Boyers, in Aaronsburg.

Where you will find the LARGEST STOCK of

Boots and shoes

ever brought to this country.

Sold very Cheap, and Guaranteed to

give satisfaction in wearing.

None but Williamsport and Watsontown Stock

in his store. Anything from the tiniest and prettiest baby Shoes to men's Heavy Stoga Boots.

LADIES, ALL LASTING GAITORS AS LOW AS 95 CENTS.
GO AND EXAMINE THE LARGEST AND FINEST LOT OF BOOTS AND SHOES, BETWEEN MIFFLINBURG AND BELLEFONTE.

I. D. Boyer.

STOVES! HEATERS! RANGES!

Hardware! Hardware!! Hardware!!!

WILSON & M'FARLANE,

Bellefonte, Penn'a.

Have just received and placed on Exhibition and Sale, at their Stores no less than

Fifty-Three Varieties and Styles of Cook and Parlor Stoves,

Single and Double Heaters, Portable Ranges, &c., embracing all the latest improvements, newest makes, styles and novelties in the market, combining all the desirable qualities, such as beauty, durability, convenience and economy. They have the only Portable Ranges that will bake in BOTH OVENS for sale in the county. ENTIRELY NEW.

Every Stove WARRANTED in every particular.

LOWEST PRICE and satisfaction guaranteed.

Our stock of

Hardware, Tinware, Oils, Pure Leads,

and PAINTS cannot be excelled for variety, quality and cheapness.

EVERYBODY IS REQUESTED TO CALL whether wishing to purchase or not.

Special Bargains for Cash Buyers!

12jul.tf WILSON & McFARLANE, Humes' Block, Bellefonte.

-GRAIN ELEVATOR-

SHORTLIDGE & CO,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Thursday, Nov. 1, 1877.

TERMS.—$2 per year, when paid in advance; $2.50 when not paid in advance. Advertisements 20cts per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements by the year at a liberal discount.

Subscribers outside the county should remit 10 cts, amount of one year's postage, instead of 20cts as formerly when paid by themselves.

Subscribers can always tell how their accounts stand at the Reporter office by consulting the lables on their papers. If the label reads "John Roe 1 Jan 78" it means that John is indebted for subscription from the 1st of January, 1878, and that it is time he was paying the printer.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 853, I. O. of O. F., meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
J. M. GILLILAND, Sect. H. F. SANKEY, A. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 357, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening on or before each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall.
C. F. HERLACHER, Sect. J. A. FLEMING, W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, No. 98, P of H, meets at their Hall, Centre Hall on the Saturday on or before full moon at 2 P. M. and every two weeks after, Leonard Rhone Master. G. W. BOAL Sect.

LOCAL ITEMS.

ELECTION NEXT TUESDAY.—DEMOCRATS, GO TO THE POLLS!

—Vote for D. F. Fortney, and you will have a highly qualified man for district attorney.

—Everybody should use Tyson's Liniement. You can get it at Green's drug store.

—Get your marble work—tombstones, monuments and couches—at Heisler's well known marble yards, Bellefonte.

—Mr. Henry Bollinger, of Centre Hill, is about to move to Missouri.

—Chestnuts were bought here at 5c per quart.

—Bids were opened this week for carrying mail from Spring Mills to Penn Hall; also from Coburn to Millheim, and from Millheim to Aaronsburg and Woodward.

—Friday and Saturday threatened rain, but changed to clear since Sunday. Wednesday cloudy and cool.

—All kinds of country produce bought and sold at Sechler's grocery.

—Yony Deininger has unpacked a new lot of hardware, for builders, housekeepers, and others. Yony has always sold at bottom prices and deserves the most liberal encouragement.

—A hind quarter of beef will be taken at this office on subscription account. tf.

—Election, Tuesday 6,—Vote for Fortney and the entire democratic state ticket.

—If those fellows at Hyner keep on boring—they are now down 1300 feet—they will be sure to strike tea, if ther's no ile.

—The best stock of goods, now in the valley has just been unpacked by I. J. Grenoble. Now is the time for all who go to Spring Mills, to call in and see the wonderful stock. Mr. Grenoble intends to sell cheap, and is resolved to offer the best bargains in the valley.

—Lock Haven market last week stood as follows:

Butter, 25 to 28c; eggs, 20c; potatoes, 30 to 40c per bushel; chickens, 40 to 60c per pair; cabbage, 4c per head; apple butter, 60c per gallon; lard, 11a12½ per pound; tomatoes, 50c per bushel; honey, 20c per lb; apples, $1a1 25 per bu.; beans, 7c per quart; sweet potatoes, 30 to 40c per peck; chestnuts, 7 to 10c per quart; celery, 5 to 10 cents per stalk.

—J. S. Miller, late fashionable tailor at Aaronsburg, has removed to Lewisburg. Mr. M. understands his business having worked in some of the larger cities, and the Lewisburgers will find him just the man to give them fits—tight or loose, and on short order. He will make up garments with the finest taste, and works at rates to suit the times.

—Mr. Wm. Wolf is now in the city and in a few days will return with a stock of new goods, which will be unpacked in his large and handsome new room directly opposite his old quarters. Mr. Wolf will no doubt this time exceed any of his former purchases, and bring a stock of goods that will compare with the elegant new quarters he is about to occupy. His goods were always of the best quality, and compared with the best of stores in the county, and as he is about to enlarge we expect to have right here in our own town always one of the largest and best assortments of dry goods, groceries &c.

—Coal can be bought at the Forks for $3.60 per ton, by the people of Aaronsburg and Millheim, and the hauling 2½ miles, is done for 50 cents per ton This is a saving of at least $4 on the cost per ton before the railroad was built into our valley. Every stockholder who uses coal will see where one of the benefits comes in. The saving on each ton of coal more than pays the interest on a share of stock.

—Never miss calling at the handsome and well stocked grocery, of Seehler & Co. The store is worth an hour's visit any time, even if you do not wish to buy any goods. However, all who go there to see, most always make purchases because of superiority and cheapness of their goods.

—On Thursday of last week, when the Forks House, Perry Stover, prop'r, was opened, there was a big time, and better yet, a good, big dinner. Some 70 railroad officials, we are informed, were on hand, Mr. Kneas, C. E., conductor Furey, and others, and satisfied their inner man in a manner that will make them feel good for a long time. The Forks House is a handsome building, roomy and convenient, in a highly romantic locality, and Mr. and Mrs. Stover will make their guests feel perfectly at home always.

—We dropped in at Newman's Eagle Clothing Hall, at Bellefonte, last week and he showed us a good overcoat for $3.00; a good winter suit for $4.50; a good winter hat for 75c; a good suit of underwear for 50c. Newman says that he can and does sell suits for $2 less than anybody else. The same on overcoats and everything in his line. We advise our readers to go to Newman's for their winter clothing for they can save money which counts in these panic times.

LAST NOTICE.—Persons owing state and county tax, on duplicate in my hands, are hereby notified that if tax is not paid until January court, next, the same will be placed in the hands of a Justice for collection. GEO. KOCH,
Collector for Potter.

FOR RENT.—Dwelling house, stable and five acres of meadow situated at Potter's Mills, the property of Doctor Wm. P. Wilson. For information and terms apply to Thomas McElroy, near the premises. 16oct 2m

POTTER SCHOOL TAX NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given, the duplicate of School Tax for the township of Potter, has been placed in the hands of the Treasurer, JACOB DINGES, at Centre Hall. On all taxes paid to him on or before December 1st, 1877, there will be a deduction of five per centum; on all taxes remaining unpaid for one month after said date, the full amount will be charged, and thereafter an addition of 5 per cent. on all remaining unpaid. BY ORDER OF THE BOARD.
19 oct2m.

—Persons wishing to advertise farms, sales, &c., will bear in mind that we offer to give a MUCH LARGER circulation through the Reporter on this side the county, than any other paper, and will forfit our pay if this is found not correct.

WAGON FOR SALE.—A large road wagon, good as new, and which can readily be cut down to a plantation wagon. is offered for sale cheap, by JOHN WOLF, Centre Mills, Pa. 3t

A good horse will be taken in exchange for the wagon.

—Go to Frank Green' drug store, in the Bush house block and get his valuable preparations for diseases that are common to all. They save doctor bills, and have rendered satisfaction for years to hundreds that have tried his remedies. Fancy and toilet articles without number always to be had at the same old stand.

—Eureka! Yony Kreamer, landlord at Millheim, has it—he has discovered coal on the farm of John Haines, near Woodward, at least he thinks so, and so do others, and we hope so. The stuff taken out there, having been tested in Mr. Kreamer's stove, is said to burn although not as freely as the genuine coal. There is a mineral from which lead pencils are made, which resembles anthracite and is combustible at high temperatures, and the mineral found upon Mr. Haines' farm may be a species of plumbago. Pure plumbago is rare and valuable. The matter has raised quite an excitement among certain of Yony Kreamer's neighbors, and he has taken some of them as partners in a 40 years lease of the land. Should it turn out to make a coal lord or plumbago prince out of our fat and jolly friend, we would soon expect to see him enlarge his hotel to Continental proportions, with a free bar to all us suckers who can't afford an interest in a coal mine or a vein of plumbago. Hope some one will make a strike that will enrich us all.

—Now is the time to save money by getting your groceries where they are good, pure and cheap. Seehler & Co. are in earnest when they make you these representations. They do business with a view to stay and gain customers by fair and square dealings. This has been their reputation.

—Joseph's, at Bellefonte, are selling off goods at cost. Good chance for bargains. See adv. on opposite page.

—On Sunday morning of last week, Peggy Bright of Aaronsburg, sustained a fracture of the thigh by falling on getting up out of bed.

—The Lutherans of Millheim have organized a congregation, and contemplate the erection of a church edifice, if funds can be raised.

—We are informed that in Brush and Sugar vallies, many hogs are dying from some disease. Mr. George Royer is said to have lost ten hogs, Mr. Ruhl five, and a farmer in Sugar valley twenty.

—Charley Bund offers 3 cents reward for the fellow who stole a whip from his wagon a few evenings ago.

—Clinton county raised 300 acres of tobacco this year. Lock Haven is very much in need of some one to back-her.

—Mr. LUTHER EMERICK desires to inform the public that he has located at the Stone Mill, in shop occupied by C. Bollinger, to carry on blacksmithing. He guarantees his work to be of the best and prices lower that any shop in the county. Horseshoeing down to panic prices. Being a good workman and having long experience he believes he can render entire satisfaction. Give him a trial and be convinced. 25oct3t

Vote for Fortney, next Tuesday, he is able and competent.

MILLHEIM.

Wm. Hennich, who moved from this neighborhood to Millheim, has already erected his brick outbuildings and next summer will put up his main dwelling. Two or three new dwellings are about to be erected in the southern part of the town also. Two free busses still keep up connection with the trains. Landlord Musser has a handsome new carriage for railroad passengers to and from his hotel. Yony Kreamer runs a spry team in his hotel hack. A score or two of workmen are now on the new road to Coburn station. A new iron country bridge will also be erected across Elk creek about a mile south of Millheim.

REBERSBURG & VICINITY.

Our public schools have commenced and are doing fine work. The next best thing necessary is the board to employ a good lecturer to pass from door to door and preach into the heads of parents the necessity of sending their children regularly in order to make rapid progress.

Mrs. Anna Weaver, the millinery woman, has left our village for Potters Bank. We regret her early departure; may success attend her. Since her departure we have two milliner shops, and we now can truly say that "competition is the life of business."

Some of our grain fields are infested by an insect called the "fly," and yellow spots are becoming apparent. The general belief is that the grain was sowed too early and had too much warm weather since seeding.

And at last the Lutherans moved their place of worship into the basement of their new church, on 27 of last month. Prof. Born, from Selinsgrove, was present and preached several very practical sermons for the occasion. Truly a man of his ability speaks volumes for an institution which he may happen to represent.

T. R. Zeigler of our "burg," is going to put up a brick dwelling house this fall. The wall is fast going up and the bricklayers are soon to be on hand.

The Evangelicals of Brushvalley circuit have their quarterly conference on next Saturday, Nov 3, in our town. Rev. Deininger of Centre Circuit is to preside, and a glorious time is expected.

The Reformed have their church just about finished. They have a pulpit which is hard to best. John Meyer and Zach. Weirick were the builders of the same.

HEW MOR.

SCHOOL TEXT BOOKS.

The study of United States History, although sadly neglected in past years, has received new impetus of late, largely owing to the improvements in books upon that subject. We have recently given some attention to school histories and have found one so eminently worthy of recommendation as to deserve more than a passing notice. The book referred to is Prof. Ridpath's History of the United States, already largely in use in this State and several of the Western States, and highly commended wherever its merits are understood. Experienced educators everywhere vie with each other in the heartiness of their words of approval for its correctness, beautiful style, elegant illustrations, comprehensive charts authoritative maps, and other noteworthy features; while students are said to seize upon and devour its terse instructive and entertaining narrative with all the avidity of youth in the perusal of an exciting romance. It is fact dressed in elegant periods, noble diction, impressive characterizations, and illuminated by appropriate incident and beautiful pictures. The publishers have made the most elegant and attractive school-book now before the public.

It is not the purpose of this article to analyse its merits nor indicate all the details in which it is superior to anything of the kind yet seen in this part of the country. A notice like this must be general, but our readers will thank us for a word about one valuable feature which really ought to be seen to be adequately appreciated. The colored chronological charts, which show at a glance—what cannot be gleaned from the text of any history—the men and events which were contemporaneous, make a new and valuable feature of distinguished merit and peculiar to this work. More than fifty topographical diagrams show the vicinity of every battle and important event; and the maps—which are not only geographical but civil and historical—show the political divisions of the country from time to time, with comprehensive indices of our territorial growth.

It is as neat a volume in its physical proportions, general make-up and illustrations as one would wish to see. Its publishers, (Messrs. Jones Brothers & Co., of Philadelphia, Cincinnati and Chicago.) have spared neither pains nor expense to render it acceptable to both eye and mind, and we learn they are reaping a rich reward for their enterprise and forethought in its large sales. If our citizens look into the merits of this History, we have no doubt but that the sales will be still further accelerated

—Wm. Wolf will move to his new room beginning of next week, and his new stock of goods will be received Friday and Saturday of same week.

—Instead of being located in Rebersburg, as we erred in stating last week, Dr. Oliver K. Fester is following his profession in the village of Troxelville, Snyder county. Friends wish him abundant success—Mifflinburg Tel.

TOBACCO BARN BURNT.—On Monday morning about two o'clock the tobacco barn of Ellis and Robert Myers, a little below the dam at Lock Haven, was set on fire and burnt down with its contents, comprising tobacco to the estimated amount of from twelve to fifteen thousand dollars. The barn was valued at about $800. There was an insurance on the property of $1,200 in the Phœnix of Hartford, $1,000 in the Home of New York, $600 in the Etna, $2,000 in the Faneul Hall; total $4,800. Policies to the amount of $8,000 expired on Saturday, which was not known till after the fire when the matter was looked up. Another instance of the importance of keeping the run of your insurance policies, Democrat.

MORE RUSSIAN VICTORIES.

Three Thousand Foot Soldiers and a Regiment of Cavalry Captured.

The surgeons attached to the English ambulance at Plevna, report that on the 18th instant there were 4,500 wounded there. Private houses had been converted into hospitals. The want of lint and medicines was greatly felt.

London, October 25.—The Russian losses to 18th inst. are officially reported to be 60,100 men.

London October 26.—A Russian official dispatch dated Tutchenitza, before Plevna October 25, says: "Yesterday, after a desperate engagement of ten hours' duration, Gen. Gourkes' detachment, co-operating with a portion of the imperial guard captured a strong Turkish position between Gurnji-Dubnik and Telliche. Gen. Gourkes then stationed himself on Sofia road strengthening his position with new fortifications.

"This engagement also resulted in the capture of Achmet Ewsi Pasha, together with his chief of staff and many other Turkish officers, about 3,000 foot soldiers and an entire regiment of cavalry. Four cannon and a quantity of rifles and ammunition were also captured. Our loss is unknown, but must have been considerable.

THE RUSSIANS CAPTURED EIGHTEEN THOUSAND TURKS AND FORTY CANNON.

London, October 22.—The Daily News states 18,000 men and forty cannon were captured by the Russians in their recent victory over Ghazi-Mukhtar. The Turkish reports of part of their army holding out in fortified positions in Aladja-Dagh, are unfounded.

The Russian loss in carrying Aladja-Dagh, on the 15th inst., is officially reported to be 1,441 killed and wounded. The losses on the other parts of the battlefield are not stated.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

The substance of the news from the war is that the Russians have made an advance. Ismail Pasha with 40 battalions has effected a junction with Mukhtar Pasha.

A great battle is imminent.

A HORROR IN SCOTLAND.

An Explosion Which Cost Several Hundred Miners Their Lives.

London, October 22.—A special dispatch from Glasgow to the Pall Mall Gazette says an explosion has occurred in a colliery at High Blantyre, near that city. Four hundred men were in the mine at the time and a large number of lives have been lost.

Glasgow, October 22.—11 p. m.—The latest particulars from High Blantyre show that 233 men descended into the mines this morning. None of these, except one who was working near the shaft at the time of the explosion, had been rescued up to a late hour this evening. Very little hope of rescuing the men is entertained as the explosion occurred at nine o'clock in the morning. The exploring parties had to relinquish their efforts in one pit at four o'clock in the afternoon because of the poisonous gases at the bottom of the shaft of the other pit (the colliery comprises two pits with communication between them). A faint knocking has been heard, but so far it has been impossible to reach the bottom of the shaft in consequence of the volume of gas and the destruction of woodwork and hoisting apparatus by the explosion.

[The loss of life by the explosion at High Blantyre—which, from present appearances will reach the appalling total of 226—is probably the greatest that has ever resulted from a similar accident.

AN EX-CONGRESSMAN'S SUICIDE.

Williamsport, October 26.—A special dispatch just received here announces that on Wednesday, the 24th inst, Hon. Sobieski Ross, ex-member of Congress from this district, shot himself through the heart in the barn near his dwelling at Coudersport, Potter county. When found, shortly thereafter, he was dead. Judge Ross has been in ill health and very despondent for some months. His tragic death has caused a deep gloom over the community in which he lived.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—The following accounts have been examined and passed by me and remain filed of record in this office, for the inspection of heirs, legatees, creditors and all others in any way interested and will be presented to the Orphans Court for Centre county on Wednesday, the 28th day of November, A. D. 1877, for confirmation and allowance.

1 The third account of James H. Porter and E. C. Campbell executors of &c of John Reesman, late of Penn township, deceased.

2 The account of J. M. and C. H. Kephart executors of &c of Peninah Kephart, late of Benner township deceased.

3 The account of Samuel Gramly administrator of &c of Susan Frederick, late of Gregg township deceased.

4 The second and final account of Jacob Bower, Jr., administrator of &c of David Corman, late of Haines township deceased.

5 The account of John Irwin, Jr., guardian of Mary F. Campbell, one of the legatees of H. B. Treziyulny, late of Bellefonte borough deceased.

6 The supplementary account of Samuel Brown, surviving executor of George Brown, late of Howard township deceased.

7 The second account of Adam & Jonathan Stover, administrators of &c of Jacob Stover, late of Ferguson township deceased as filed by Adam Stover

8 The account of Geo. W. Singleton administrator of &c of Ann Singleton, late of Huston township deceased.

9 The final account of Michael Schenck guardian of Franklin and Susan Schenck, children of Frederick Schenck, late of Howard township deceased.

10 The first partial account of Richard Conley and Jeremiah B. Roan, executors of &c of Robert Roan, late of Benner township deceased.

11 The first and partial account of Peter Hoy and Benjamin Roush administrators of &c of Jacob Hoy, late of Marion township deceased.

12 The account of John Shannon administrator of &c of Jacob Meese, late of Potter township deceased.

13 The account of Samuel Gilliland administrator of &c of Ezra D. Brisbin, late of Harris township deceased.

14 The third partial account of Peter Hofer and Carrie E. Wolf administrators of &c of Hon. S. S. Wolf, late of Potter township deceased.

15 The account of D. Parsons administrator of &c of Issac Richards, late of Huston township deceased.

16 The partial account of Frederick Kurtz administrator of &c of David Ackler, late of Haines township deceased.

17 The final account of J. P. Gephart administrator, de bonis non cum testamento annexo, of &c of John B. Awl, late of the borough of Bellefonte deceased.

18 The second partial account of E. C. Humes and Adam Hoy administrators of &c of James T. Hale, late of the borough of Bellefonte deceased.

WM. E. BURCHFIELD,
nov 1 Register.

—Remember democrats that Mr. Fortney is one of the most industrious, earnest and hardest working members of our party in the county. He deserves every vote for his services to the party in the past, and more particularly for his competency to fill the office.

FARMERS LOOK TO YOUR INTERESTS.—In view of a great many farmers in Centre county commencing taking out their middle fences, and instead need a good portable fence, which the stock cannot push over nor the wind move, I now will say to the citizens of Centre county that I, Hez. Latshaw, of McKnightstown, Adams county, Pa., Patentee, am stopping in Centre Hall, at Spangler's hotel, where farmers can call and see different kinds of my fence put up for inspection. Do not pass your opinion till you see it and investigate it, and understand its true merits, as no man of common sense and reason will do otherwise. I use less timber for my fences and fasten them tighter to the ground than any other fence ever offered in Centre county; can set it on a hill side, raise it high or low and grade it as I set it un; two men can raise and move to other parts and set up 100 panels in one day, of the portable fence; the straight fence made of old rails fastened with one brace, is permanent—set it on 2½ feet of ground, leaving 5 ft of ground for cultivation; use 480 rails and make as much fence as you make out of 800 rails, and better; you may say it is impossible—come and see and be convinced, I challenge competition. I intend canvassing the county and have the portable fence with me, also patterns. A farm right $3, but will take subscription of 12 men for one township and no money collected until subscription raised. Deed made and placed in one of the company's hands and a receipt to show that all is right Each man only bound for his share subscribed for.

HEZ. LATSHAW.

A large wild cat was shot in the narrows near Lewistown recently.

We are emphatically in the age of profanity, and it seems to us that we are on the topmost current. One cannot go on the street anywhere without having his ears offended with the vilest words, and his reverence shocked by the most profane use of sacred names. Nor does it come from the old or middle aged alone, for it is a fact that the younger portion of the community are most proficient in degrading language. Boys have an idea that it is smart to swear; that it makes them manly, but there never was a greater mistake in the world. Men, even those who swear thrmselves, are disgusted with profanity in a young man, because they know how, of all bad habits this clings the most closely and increases with years. It is the most insidious of habits, growing on one so invisibly, that almost before one is aware he becomes an accomplished curser.

MARRIED.

On 18, at the M. E. Parsonage, by Rev. Rouse, David R. Sweetwood to Virginia Wolf, both of Sprucetown.

At the M. E. Parsonage, October 11, by Rev. G. T. Gray, J. L. Bricker, of Boalsburg, Centre county, and Miss Clara E. Wertz, daughter of Joseph Wertz of Lewistown.

DIED.

In Lawrence twp, Clearfield county, on Friday, October 19th, Sarah Elizabeth Bailey, wife of Joseph Bailey, and daughter of James and Martha Boal, aged 42 years, 6 months, and eight days.

In Mifflinburg, Pa., on the 19th inst., Major Wm. R. Forster, late of the 51st Pa. Vol., aged 52 years, 11 months and 18 days.

In Lewisburg, Pa., on the 18th inst., Mr. James Kelly, aged 86 years, 9 months and 18 days.

On the 22nd inst., in the Loop, Mary E. wife of Jonathan Royer, aged 34 years, 9 months and 9 days.

Mrs. R. did not carve her name in Fame's great Temple. She leaves a name fraught with a fragrant charm—the passport to the community's affectionate remembrance Her influence will continue to distil upon the hearts that follow her, "like the blessed benediction that follows upon prayer." Missed and lamented here, she is found and rejoiced over in heaven.

W. E. F.

Spring Mills Markets, Oct. 16:

Corn, ears, per bu. now, 40c
Oats, 25c.
Buckwheat, 75c.
Cloverseed 4,25 $, 4.50.
Potatoes, 25.
Onions, 50c.
Butter, per lb., 22c.
Lard,
Bacon, sides, 10c.
" shoulders, 10c.
" Hams, 14c.
Tallow, 7c.
Rags, 2c.
Eggs per doz., 15c.
Coal, Egg, per ton, $4.60.
" Stove, 4.75.
" Chestnut, 4.25.
" Pea, 3.00.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.—by Shortlidge & Co.

Flour per barrel, wholesale, $ 7 50.
" retail, $8 00.
White wheat, 1 35.
Red " 1 35.
Rye, 55.
Corn, shelled, 50
Corn, cob, 40.
Oats, 25.
Barley, rye weight, 55.
Cloverseed $4 per 64 pounds.
Potatoes retail, 30
Nova Scotia plaster, ground, 10 00.
Cayuga " $9 00.

NOTICE is hereby given that the account of D. Z. Kline, assignee of Ira C. Johnson has been filed in the Prothonotary's office in Centre county and will be presented to the court for confirmation at November Term next.

A. WILLIAMS,
Inov3t Prothonotary.

Forks House!

PERRY STOVER, PROP'R.

The Forks House, at Coburn station, is new and commodious, and is kept in best manner. Bed and board second to none in the county. Stabling for 30 horses. As a summer resort it will be found all that could be desired, right in the heart of good fishing and hunting grounds, and surrounded by the most romantic scenery
Inov y

BONNETS, TRIMMINGS, MILLINERY,

At Mrs. Lucy Henny's, in Centre Hall,

who has just returned from Philadelphia, with the LATEST FASHIONS, and a complete stock of new Bonnets, new Hats, elegant Trimmings, &c., which will be sold or made up, at reasonable prices. Also, old ladies Dress Caps.

The new styles are very pretty. Ladies call and see them early. First come, first served. 25 oct 4t

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Dr. Peter Smith, late of Centre Hall, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them, duly authenticated by law, for settlement. MARY SMITH,
CHARLES SMITH,
25 oct Executors.

PENN'S VALLEY INSTITUTE.

The third Term of this Preparatory School will begin on Monday October. 22, and continue ten weeks. Tuition, $5.00 to $8.00 per session. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. Address,
G. W. FORTNEY,
18oct3t Centre Hall, Pa.

Fashionable Dressmaker.

The udersigned will, after the 9th Oct., 1877, open a dressmakers establishment in the house lately occupied by John H. Miller. All kinds of family sewing neatly done. Charges reasonable. Hoping to merit the patronage of the people of Centre Hall and vicinity by turning out neat and durable work. MRS. HARVEY SMITH.
20sept tf.

HARDWARE & STOVES.

THOMAS A. HICKS & BRO.

We have a very large and complete stock of Hardware, the largest that was ever before offered by any firm to the people of this county, and are selling at the very lowest possible rates

Iron, Steel and Nails, Locks, Glass and Putty,

Pure White Leads and Linseed Oil; Turpentines and Varnishes, all which we warrant to give satisfaction. Our Pure Lead will cover as much surface as any in the market and cannot be excelled for whiteness. READY MIXED PAINT put up in any quantity to suit people, from one-pound cans to one gallon cans, all ready for use. These paints we warrant to be mixed with pure lead and oil, and are free from all adulteration.

MECHANICS' TOOLS.—We pay special attention to this branch, and keep a full line of Saws, Chisels, Hammers and Bailey's Iron Planes; Horse nails of all kinds, Trace Chains, Hames, Etc. FULL LINE OF SADDLERY OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. COACH WOOD WORK.—Spokes, Felloes, Patent Wheels of the most improved pattern; Mrs. Potts' Improved Flat Irons, cheap, convenient and durable—polished and nickel-plated. Johnston's Prepared Kalsomine; put up in 6-pound packages; easily put on, and cheaper than paper. We have all colors.

STOVES.

We have the only Reversible, Top-plate Cooking Stoves in the market. The Keystone, Susquehanna and Juniata, which we warrant to be the best bakers and the heaviest stoves in the market, we will sell at the very lowest price and give written guarantees. Also all kinds of Ranges and other stoves. COME AND SEE OUR KEYSTONE COOK STOVE; IT IS THE HANDSOMEST IN THE WORLD.

Chicago, October 23.—Wood's museum caught fire at six o'clock this morning and the portion occupied as a theatre was completely gutted. All the animals in the museum died of suffocation.

—Mr. Ammon J. Mark recently found a bee tree in Mr. David Geiswelte's woods in Sugar Valley, which, when cut had over a hundred pounds of honey.

—The Bellefonte subscription for the branch to Lemont has just been made up—near enough not to reach the amount, and leave Pennsvalley struggle with a thing half completed.

—Scribner's, for November, is now on our table. Among the unusually interesting contributions are the opening chapters of "Roxey," a novel by Edward Eggleston, author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster." The editorial and other departments were never better. Terms: $4,00 a year; single numbers 35 cts. Scribner & Co. 743 Broadway New York.

—We have received for November that best of all Magazines for boys and girls, St. Nicholas. The contributions are from the pens of such favorite writers as Richard Proctor, John S. Addams, J. A. Judson, Louise Stockton, Sarah E. Chester and many others, and are among their most brilliant efforts. The illustrations are fully up to the usual standard.

1877—Fall—1877

I. J. GRENOBLE,

SPRING MILLS,

has the goods. Largest stock!

SELECTION UNSURPASSED!

Prices Lower than Ever,

And now extends a cordial invitation to his friends, patrons, and public generally.

Also a Complete Assortment of Ready Made Clothing for men and boys. Suits as low as to be had in the city.

Imported and Domestic DRYGOODS!

Full lines of
MERINO UNDERWEARS,
For Ladies, Gents, Boys, Misses and Children.
Hosiery, Gloves, Boots and Shoes,
HATS, CAPS, CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,
And the most complete assortment of

NOTIONS

in Central Pennsylvania, and prices that will compel you in self defence to buy of him. Also Fish, Salt, etc. 18oct

"Farmers' Mills."

J. B. FISHER, PROPRIETOR.

PENN HALL, PA.

Offers the HIGHEST market prices in CASH, on delivery, for

Wheat, Corn, Rye, Oats, etc.,

At the above well-known Mill.

Ground Plaster and Salt always on hand at the lowest rates. 20 sep tf

GET GOOD BREAD,
By calling at the new and extensive bakery establishment of
JOSEPH CEDARS,
(Successor to J. H. Sands,)
Opposite the Iron Front on Allegheny street where he furnishes every day
Fresh Bread,
Cakes of all kinds,
Pies, etc., etc.,
Candies,
Spices,
Nuts,
Fruits.

Anything and everything belonging to the business. Having had years of experience in the business, he flatters himself that he can guarantee satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage.
30 aug tf JOSEPH CEDARS.

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!! S. T. Shugert, having purchased the Drug store on Allegheny street, Bellefonte, next door to the hardware Store of Hicks & Bro., has stocked and filled it out with all the most popular

DRUGS & MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY
SOAPS, COMBS AND BRUSHES,
TRUSSES, SUPPORTERS, BRACES
FANCY AND TOILET
ARTICLES, &c., &c., &c.

Patent Medicines, Alcohol, pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes only. Physician's prescriptions carefully compounded and orders answered with care and dispatch. Farmers and Physicians from the country will find our stock of Medicines complete, warranted genuine and of the best quality.

This Store will remain under the direction of the accomplished druggist and pharmacist heretofore connected with it, Mr. H. M. Herrington, and we respectfully solicit the custom of our friends and the old patrons of the store.
19aptf S. T. SHUGERT.

NEW MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS STORE AT POTTER'S MILLS.

Mrs. Anna M. Weaver takes pleasure in announcing to the people of Potters Mills and vicinity, that she will open a new and elegant

STOCK OF FANCY GOODS,

in connection with a Millinery Store, on Saturday, Oct. 20th. A full line of choice and fashionable goods always on hand at popular prices.

Dressmaking in all its branches will be a prominent feature of the business. 11oct3m

COBURN AND SPRING MILLS.

—:o:— —:o:— —:o:—

MOTZ & SNOOK.

Coburn Station.

Wholesale and RETAIL DEALERS

IN

--ALL KINDS OF GRAIN:--

WHEAT, RYE, OATS, CORN, CLOVERSEED, &c., &c.

Coal, Plaster and Salt DELIVERED AT SPRING MILLS,

by the Car load, and at wholesale and retail at Coburn station.

Highest Cash Price Paid For Grain.

COAL SOLD AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.
1oct 3m MOTZ & SNOOK.

SPRING, - - - - - - - - 1877.

WE ARE NOW PREPARED.

FOR THE SPRING TRADE.

WE HAVE THE GOODS!

PRICES LOW!

selection Unsurpassed! stock large.

And now we extend a cordial invitation to our friends, patrons and the public generally. We will say this, Come! if we do not show you

THE BEST SELECTED STOCK

AT PRICES LOWER THAN USUAL,

and if we cannot prove that it is to your interest to patronize us, then don't buy; but come and satisfy yourself.

We have opened a full line of

DRY GOODS

Clothing, Carpets, Boots & Shoes, Groceries,

QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, HATS AND CAPS,

and in fact everything and anything embraced in the above line.

We will beat everything in prices and assortment, and our past, we trust, will be a sufficient guarantee to our patrons of fair and honest treatment. We have established and will maintain our reputation. The large trade we do enables us to get fresh goods daily, which is a great advantage to our patrons in all lines, and more especially in Groceries. Call, and it will prove to your interest.

VALENTINES & CO.

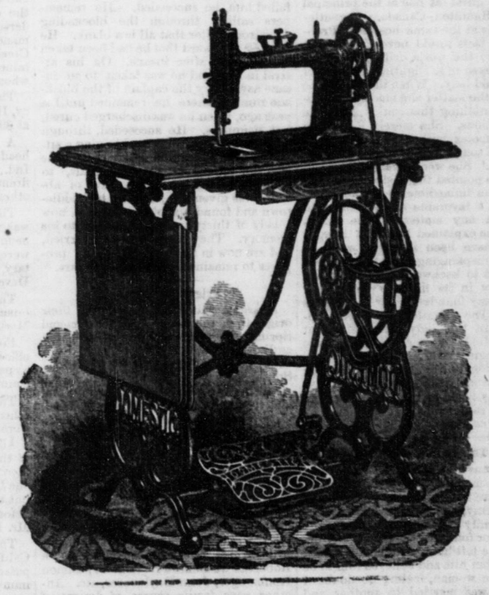
H. HERMAN, Manager.

NEW OPENING!

(NEXT DOOR TO NEWMAN'S EAGLE CLOTHING STORE)

BUNNEL AND AIKENS,

Music and Sewing Machine Store.



CALL at the New Store and see the largest stock & variety of Pianos, Organs and Sewing machines in this part of the state.

THE NEW DOMESTIC—Still ahead.
" ST. JOHN—Latest out.
" DAVIS—With vertical feed.
" NEW AMERICAN—For $30.
" SINGER—$30.
" HOWE—$30.
" WEED—$30.
" REMINGTON—$30.
" WHITNEY—At $30.
" WHITE—At $30.

A first-class machinist always on hand to repair Sewing Machines. Work insured. Second-hand Machines at from 5 to 20 dollars each. Parts, Attachments, Needles, Needle Cases, Four-wheeled Castors, and Oil, for all Machines.

Also Sheet Music, Piano Stools and Covers. Sewing Machine Needles for any Machine—50c per dozen

BUNNEL & AIKENS,
26jul ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE.

CENTRE HALL

DRUG STORE.

MILLER & SON.

(Successor to J. K. Miller & Son.)

Dealer in Pure Drugs and Medicines. Dye stuffs, and Druggist's sundries.

PURE WINE AND LIQUORS

For medicinal purposes.

The best brands of

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

always in stock.

Prescriptions carefully Compounded.

MILLER & SON

Jas. Harris & Co.

NO. 5, BROCKERHOFF ROW.

HARDWARE,

IRON, NAILS, PAINTS, OILS, ETC.,

JAS. HARRIS & CO.
Bellefonte.

A MAN

OF A THOUSAND.

Having discovered, in a manner almost providential, a positive cure for Consumption and all Lung Complaints, I feel it my duty to make known in a practical manner by furnishing a sample bottle, free of charge, to all sufferers, my only hope of remuneration being that the medicine will perform all I claim for it. The ingredients are of the choicest herbal products and perfectly safe; will be sent free to all. Address at once, Dr. O. Phelps Brown, 21 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J., or may be had of J. K. Miller & Son, Druggists, Centre Hall, Pa. jan 4 1y.

W. M. P. WILSON, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte Pa. Office in Mrs. Ben-r's Building, Bellefonte Pa.

—Lincoln Butter Powder, makes butter sweet and hard, and quicker to churn Try it—for sale at Wm. Wolf's store.

BRICK FOR SALE.—First class brick will be kept on hand for sale by J. O. Deininger at Zerbe's Centre Hall brick yards. These brick are offered so low that it will pay persons at a distance to come here for them.

Intending to continue in the manufacture of brick they will be kept constantly on hand, and fair inducements offered to purchasers. 17 aug tf. H. E. ZERBE

W. R. CAMP'S

POPULAR.

Furniture Rooms!

CENTRE HALL, PA.

I manufacture all kinds of Furniture for Chambers, Dining Rooms, Libraries and Halls.

If you want Furniture of any kind, don't buy until you see my stock.

UNDERTAKING

In all its branches. I keep in stock all the latest and most improved Coffins and Caskets, and have every facility for properly conducting this branch of my business. I have a patent Corpse Preserver, in which bodies can be preserved for a considerable length of time.

jul19 tf W. R. CAMP.

Chas. H. Held,
Clock, Watchmaker & Jeweler
Millheim, Centre Co., Pa.

At kinds of clocks, Watches and Jewelry of the latest styles, as also the Marseville Patent Calendar Clocks, provided with a complete index of the month and day of the month and week on its face, which is warranted as a perfect time-keeper.

Clocks, Watches and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted.

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS,

Dentist, Millheim.

Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession.

He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my8-72t

W. M. P. M'MANUS, Attorney at-law Bellefonte, Pa. Office with Jas McManus, esq. 28jul tf

GRAHAM & SON

Have the exclusive sale in Bellefonte of

Edwin C. Burts'

CELEBRATED FINE SHOES.
8 WIDTHS, the
Best Shoes in the World.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS IN

Calf Skins,
SOLE LEATHER,
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All Kinds of Custom Work Made To Order.

Bishop Street, BELLEFONTE, Pa.
20 may tf.

WE WILL mail one and a half dozen of the most beautiful new Chromos, in French oil color, ever seen for $1.00. They are mounted in 8x10 black enamel and gold mats, oval opening and outsell anything now before the public. Satisfaction guaranteed. Two samples for 25 cents, or six for 50 cents. Send 10 cents for grand illustrated catalogue with chromo of Moonlight on the Rhine, or 20 cents for two Landscapes and Cattle Lithos on black ground. J. LATHAM & CO. 419 Washington St., Boston Mass. Headquarters for Chromos, Engravings and Art Works. 26dec3m A FORTUNE.

—We print envelopes as low as $1 per thousand. Send us your envelopes. We print letter heads, and statements as low as $1,25 per 1000, when persons find the paper. This is lower than you can get it done for in the city.

—FOR SALE.—a new Golden Tongue Organ, warranted. Will be sold very low. Inquire at this office. tf.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of George Odenkirk, late of Centre Hall, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present them, duly authenticated by law for settlement.

MARTHA P. OD

Practical Proverbs.

Virtue ne'er dwells within that heart
Where shame has ceased to hold a part.

Whene'er a good man comes to thee
Examine not his pedigree.

'Tis by his deeds, and not his gown,
A pious man may best be known.

If you a gentleman would know,
'Tis he whose deeds proclaim him so.

A word's a thing that flies away,
But writing may be made to stay.

If youth had wisdom, age had power,
Naught would be wanting for an hour.

You ne'er should say, and ne'er should do,
The word and deed wrath prompts you to.

Folly and anger are the same,
The difference is but in the name.

He who once proves himself a knave
Doth seldom change this side the grave.

To others pardon e'er bestow,
But to thyself no mercy show.

THE MARRIAGE PORTION.

There lived, about five or six miles from Easton, Pa., a few years since, an honest farmer named Henderson, who had two very pretty daughters, Ellen and Maude. The first was about twenty-three years of age, while the latter was nineteen. The farmer was a thrifty, well-to-do man, though by no means rich; but the family lived in excellent style, and the daughters had received good educations.

Both of these girls were pretty, but Maude was perhaps the handsomer. There was no lack of attentive young gentlemen at the farm, though the neighborhood was not very thickly settled. But "beauty draws us with a single hair," and the young ladies were the center of a gay little circle of friends, mostly young gentlemen or farmers' sons in the immediate neighborhood, and some even from Easton.

By-and-by it came about that an earnest, handsome and sturdy young farmer fell desperately in love with Maude, and proposed to her. On her part, she loved Harry Masters above all the young fellows she knew, and told him frankly that he might speak to her father. In the meantime she confided the matter to her mother, a kind hearted, sympathetic parent, who saw no objection to the choice of her daughter, but all was left to the father to decide.

Farmer Henderson was a very straightforward and open-mouthed man. That is, he said exactly what he meant, no more or less, and that he uttered freely. When Harry Masters called him on one side, and told his especial errand, as to Maude, the father said: Well, Mr. Masters, Maude is young. I wanted Ellen to be married first; she's oldest, and I have got a marriage portion of twelve hundred dollars to give her; but I haven' laid by anything yet for Maude."

"I have got pretty well beforehand, Mr. Henderson, for a man but twenty-four years old, and we shall be able to do very well, I have no doubt."

"You mean you'll take Maude without any marriage portion?" said the father.

"Yes, sir, very gladly."

"Well, it's pleasant to hear you say so, because it shows your honest affection, Mr. Masters; but I am too proud, though a simple farmer, to let Maude marry till I can give her a thousand or two toward housekeeping."

"It is not worth waiting for, sir, as long as we don't really need it, and both are content."

"Then, again, I'd rather Maude wouldn't marry until her sister is married, because she's so much older, do you see, it will actually make her an old maid. It isn't fair, Mr. Masters."

"Ellen is very popular with the gentlemen, and will soon be married," said the other.

"That's just what I have said to myself, and then I shall begin to pick up a marrage portion for Maude."

"I trust that is the only objection, Mr. Henderson?" said Harry Masters.

"Why, yes; you are a promising and respectable young man, and come of a good family," said the farmer; "but I can't let Maude go until I have got together a respectable marriage portion to give with her hand."

"Perhaps you will think more favorably about it," said the lover. "I'll speak with you again."

"All right, Mr. Masters."

Harry and Maude were very fond of each other, and now talked over the matter very seriously. Maude could not blame her father, and did not like herself the idea of going to Harry without a proper portion to contribute toward their joint partnership in domestic life.

"Never mind, Harry," said the handsome young girl; "Ellen will soon be married. I have pretty good reason for knowing."

"Ah, but then your father says he wants time to pick up a marriage portion for you, and that will take three or four years, perhaps."

"That is a good while, is it not, Harry?" said Maude, just blushing a little, for fear that it sounded forward and bold.

"It's ages!" said the young fellow. "Think of waiting three years—why we shall be old folks by that time!"

"Not quite so bad as that," said Maude.

"I'm sure my hair will be gray by that time!"

"Nonsense, Harry! Now you are ng."

I was never more in earnest in my life," said he, as he stole a kiss from her pretty lips, and ran away, so as not to hear her chide him for his boldness.

"Maude," said her father, coming into the house from the barn, "I wish you would ride the sorrel mare into Easton, and get this hundred dollar bill changed at the bank. The workmen have got done with the roofing of the barn; and I want to pay them off to-night."

"Very well, father. Let John put the side-saddle on, and I will be ready in five minutes."

The sorrel mare was brought up to the door, and Maude was soon on her way at a easy hand gallop toward Easton. She had an excellent seat, and was a good horsewoman. As she knew this well, she would not have objected to have Harry see her just now; but he had gone a few moments before in an opposite direction.

When Maud got into Easton she rode directly to the bank, but was unfortunate enough to find that it was already closed. After a few moments thought she resolved to try and get the note changed at the grocer's, or at some of the other stores, and went immediately to do so. Fate seemed against her, for no one had small change enough to accommodate Miss Henderson.

At one of the stores where she stopped, a very gentlemanly-looking person took out his pocketbook and said he thought he could change it for her, and she handed him the bill, but he returned it, saying, after all, he had not so much small money. He seemed to regret this, however, and even followed Maude to the door and assisted her to remount her horse.

She was forced to give up her errand, as she did not like to run about among strangers asking them to change her a bill, especially as no one seemed able to do so. She, therefore, turned her horse's head once more toward home. Scarcely had she passed the outskirts of the town when she was overtaken by the stranger who had spoken with her in the last store, and who at first thought he could change her bill. He was mounted upon a fine-looking bay horse, and saluted her respectfully as he came alongside."

"Did you get your bill changed?" he asked.

"No; small bills seemed scarce," she replied.

"Do you live near here?"

"About five miles off."

"Quite a ride."

"Oh, we don't mind five miles in the country."

"You are an excellent rider."

"I have ridden since I was six years old," she said; "but my sister Ellen is a better rider than I am."

"You are generous to admit it," said the stranger.

"Why, it's only the truth," she answered frankly."

After they had passed over about two miles, they came to a very lonely piece of road, quite removed from any dwelling houses. Still, as the stranger appeared so gentlemanly, and had addressed her so politely, she had not the least suspicion of any evil intention on his part.

Presently, he said suddenly, "I will thank you for that bill."

"What?" said she, half smiling.

"Please to give me that bill."

"What do you mean?" asked Maude.

"Just what I say!" he replied, suddenly.

"I shall do no such thing," she answered firmly.

"I am sorry to draw a pistol upon a lady," he continued, suiting the action to the word, "but I must have that hundred dollar bill at once."

"Do you mean to rob me?"

"I must have the money!"

It was with difficulty she could believe the man was in earnest; but when he now cocked his pistol and held it toward her with one hand, while he extended the other for the bill, she was forced to yield to the necessity of the situation. She was a brave-hearted girl, and even now she did not turn pale nor tremble in the least; but saw she could not help herself, and so made the best of it.

Just as she held out the bill to him a sudden puff of wind blew it into the road, and carried it several yards from them. The stranger alighted to get it, and, quick as thought, Maude struck her horse a smart blow, in order to get out of the robber's power. The sorrel mare was a spirited little creature, and sprang into a smart gal'op at once; while the stranger's horse, which had been standing beside her, also started off at full speed n her company.

Bang! went the robber's pistol after them, having only the effect to increase the speed of the flying horses, both of whom were now on the dead run. Maude did not care how fast she rode, the sorrel was as easy as a cradle at that speed, and in ten minutes she dashed into her father's yard, followed by the riderless horse.

Her story was soon told, and her father was with difficulty prevented from starting after the robber with his pistol and rifle, but he knew that the scoundrel would naturally take at once to the woods, where he could not follow him.

"Well, we've got his horse, at any rate," said the farmer; "and he is worth more than a hundred dollars."

"Hallo, master!" said, the man John, who had been taking the saddle-bags from the strange horse.

"What is it, John?"

"These bags is full of something."

"I should think so," said the farmer, as he unstrapped the leather bags.

They were found to contain some counterfeit plates, a quantity of counterfeit money, in various bills, and also a little over fifteen hundred dollars in good money!

"Hurza!" cried the farmer.

"What is it, father?" said Maude.

"Why, your trip to Easton has proved a profitable one, at all events. Here's over fifteen hundred dollars, good money!"

"Ah, but it will be claimed by the owner."

"Do you think a counterfeiter will dare to come for the tools that would convict him?—to say nothing of highway robbery."

"I didn't think of that."

That evening Farmer Henderson sent John over to young Masters with a message to call round and see him, to which Harry responded instantly.

"Mr. Masters," said the farmer, as he came into the large, old-fashioned sitting-room, "you remember what you asked of me this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I give my consent. Maude has just furnished her own marriage portion. Take her, my boy, and be happy!"

A Unique Case.

There is now in this city, says the Wilmington (N. C.) *Star*, one of the most remarkable specimens of humanity that has been known to inhabit the earth since the days of Adam. He is colored, and goes by the name of Dr. George Thomas, and seems to have literal control of his entire physical nature, being able, by the simple exercise of his will, as it were, to change at pleasure the location of the machinery of his body; beside which, he is possessed of muscle of the consistency of iron, which he is capable of developing to a remarkable degree. For instance, he takes a solid bar of iron of about three inches in circumference and some three or four feet in length, holding it in one hand, and bends it by striking it repeatedly across his disengaged arm the blows being sufficiently vigorous to break the limb of any ordinary man, but which do not seem to have the slightest effect upon his own, the muscles of which are as hard as the iron itself. He then straightens the bar in the same manner. He asks you to feel the pulse in his wrist, and it beats with the same regularity and power of that of an ordinary mortal; but, by a sudden but almost imperceptible movement of the muscle of the arm, the pulsation suddenly ceases altogether, but is in reality removed from its original position. By the exertion of the same power it is then restored at pleasure to its proper place. He can also remove his ribs from his side to the abdominal region, where they can be distinctly felt, and return them to their proper place at will; while by the exercise of the same power the heart is changed from the left to the right side of the body. Two of our physicians, we learn, examined this remarkable specimen of humanity, and were astonished at the extraordinary developments which resulted from a practical test of the wonderful powers of the man. One of the physicians was asked to place his ear to the region of the heart, and its beatings were regular and distinctly noted; but suddenly there was an entire cessation of the throbbing, and on the instant his companion, who had his ear to the right side of his body, exclaimed that he could then detect the beating of his heart on that side.

The School House Conspiracy.

The scene is laid within half a mile of the Clay School, Detroit. Twenty-one of the largest boys gathered in solemn council in one corner of the yard and decided that they were too big to be licked by any school teacher walking the face of the earth. After arriving at that decision a conspiracy was entered into. The biggest boy in the crowd was to bring on a conflict with the teacher as soon as possible, and the other twenty were to back him.

"Death to cowards!" shouted one as the plan was all fixed.

"No backing down—no hesitation!" cried another.

"A rush together—one wild yell—one mad struggle, and victory will be ours!" yelled the smallest of the lot.

It was a desperate plan.

The school-house was not defended by even a Gatling gun.

It might be the commencement of a rebellion which would not end until every school-house in the land was turned into an establishment for the sale of mourning goods.

Scene second came fifteen minutes later. The innocent teacher looked around upon her scholars without the least suspicion that a fierce rebellion was brewing. The clock ticked the same as ever. The boy across the street pounded on an old tin pan the same as ever. The big conspirator was suddenly seen to throw a paper wad across the room.

He was ordered to come forward. He said he didn't have to.

It was a moment of peril, but the teacher didn't realize it. She walked down the aisle, took the big conspirator by the collar, and in ten minutes he wondered whether he was down cellar or up in the garret, while twenty other boys grew white around the mouth, bent to their lessons with renewed energy, and mentally whispered:

"Be still, thou wildly beating heart—wait till I grow a foot or two more!"

The big conspirator is now thrashing them in solemn succession. He reached number eighteen yesterday.

Miss Wilson, niece of the keeper of the Newark Bay lighthouse, has won fame by rowing in a dingy at the risk of her own life to the rescue of a drowning man clinging to the keel of a capsized boat.

THE ROBBERS' RIDE.

Paying $600 for a Ride—How Two Robbers Foiled their Pursuers.

The writer sat in a well-known eating saloon at noon eating a delicious salad and sweltering over a cup of hot tea, when the proprietor stepped up.

"The boys have a nice day for their excursion to Kingston," said he.

"They have, indeed. Ever been there?"

"Yes; I took a couple of bank robbers down there twenty-five or thirty years ago. Never told you about that affair, did I? Well, I will. It was, let me see, in 1840. I was working at the Old Eagle tavern; had a couple of nice horses, and, for a young man, was doing a fine business. Those days there was neither railroads or telegraph. The stage coach was the only mode of public travel, and it was the event of the day to see the coaches from the west and New York bustle into the tavern. Well, one cold morning in the middle of December, I was just stepping out from the office to the long wooden veranda, when I noticed two well dressed gentlemen, each carrying a good sized traveling satchel, hurrying toward the hotel. One of them, addressing me, said:

"'Stage for New York gone yet?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'How long?'

"'More'n two hours ago.'

"They were much excited over the news and asked what they could do to get to New York speedily. I told them I didn't know. The boats had stopped running a month, although one of them still ran to Kingston, the river being open that far up. She would leave that evening for New York, and the stage coach which left Albany a couple of hours before would transfer her passengers and mails to the steamer at Kingston Point. Then the gentlemen said they must get that boat, and asked if I knew of a couple of fast horses in the city, and if they could hire or get a carriage to beat the stage in. It was a matter of life and death, they said, and they would pay any price. I asked what price they would pay, and they told me $600 to beat the stage to Kingston. It was a big sum, and I whistled, but told them I'd take them, and off I ran. I found a friend of mine, Hank Lewis; he hitched up the horses to a four-seated sleigh, and away we went 'helter skelter' for Kingston. How we did go! Two hours behind the stage, and yet before we reached Athens we passed it. Near Catskill the horses gave out completely and we had to hire a new team. I didn't want to go any further on account of the horses, but one of the gentlemen asked, 'What is that team of yours worth?' 'Three hundred dollars,' I said. 'Drive on,' he answered, 'I'll pay for them.' Once we tipped over, and half an hour was spent in getting to rights. Then we went it again, and at half-past four we drove up to Kingston Point, where the steamer lay, all loaded, but waiting for the Albany mail.

"The two gentlemen went on board and asked for Captain Dean. He came aft, and they told him what they had told Lewis and me coming down; how they resided in Canada, but were the sons of an English nobleman, who had recently died, leaving a valuable estate. Their presence was needed immediately in London if they would save the estate from a designing relative. The packet sailed from New York from Liverpool on the first tide the next morning. They must get it or wait thirty days for the next ship, and so lose their fortune. They offered she captain $2,000 if he would leave then and there and make certain of catching the ship.

"'Would like to make that $2,000, gentlemen,' said Captain Dean, 'but my orders are not to leave till I get the Albany mail, and I cannot accept.'

"They seemed much disappointed, but said 'it couldn't be expected,' and they made themselves agreeable to every one about. The paid me the $600 promised, gave me $300 for the lost horses, and gave my driver and men over $100 each. We waited until the stage came in, the mails and passengers were transferred, and away went the boat in a hurry; then we rode leisurely back to Albany, it being a fine night, but before we got there we met the mounted police furiously coming after our passengers, the dead nobleman's bogus sons. They were bank robbers, and those two satchels they held contained over $200,000 in gold and Bank of England notes, the proceeds of a big Montreal robbery."

"Did they catch them?"

"Catch 'em! No. When the boat started that night they talked with the captain and offered him $500 if he would put them on board of the outward bound ship before he landed, as she would be lying in the channel. Captain Dean accepted, and just at daylight the steamboat lay alongside the vessel, and by the time Captain Dean got to his pier and the passengers awoke, the ship was sailing through the Narrows and away to England."

"And the robbers were never heard of."

"Never. Why they had a start of thirty days, and, being young men then, they are perhaps living in clover in some European country on their ill-gotten wealth. They were smart enough to take us in by their smooth talk and gentlemanly address."

Just then the salad was finished, and so was the story. The writer picked up his check and Mr. Veazie walked to another part of the dining room to see that his waiters were paying proper attention to other hungry customers.

The story has the merit of being literally true.—*Albany Express.*

He Took It All Back.

How much better it is to to come to a peaceful solution of any difficulty instead of having a great fuss made about it. Some people do not seem to appreciate the value of a calm and collected demeanor when a point is to be gained. A lady is a guest at one of the principal hotels in Hamilton, Canada. A gentleman boards at the same hostelry. Probably these facts would never have been divulged to the world had not the gentleman spoken in a slighting manner of the aforesaid lady. When the lady came to hear of the matter she made no trouble and did nothing that could offend the most fastidious. She merely loaded up a seven-shooter with seven ball cartriges, and sought an interview with the gentleman. She went straight to business. She pointed the pistol directly at him, and he immediately saw the point, and was in a favorable state of mind to ponder on any statement she might make. She explained that she thought he must have been in error when he made his disparaging remarks and entreated him to backward, turn backward his memory in its flight to see whether there was any foundation for the rumors started. The gentleman being approached in this lady-like manner, at once admitted that the statements were purely imaginary and immediately wrote out an apology for them. He afterwards apologized for his poor penmanship, as his nervous haste to make amends rendered him rather shaky in the hands.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Wife's Choice.

The Evansville (Ind.) *Journal* says: A certain man in this vicinity, whose name we are not at liberty to give, went into the army, and at the close of the war his family could hear nothing from him, and for four years after—eight from the time he left home—they still heard nothing from him and believed him to be dead. The woman, feeling no doubt of his death, was married to another, and they lived happily together for six months, when, to the surprise of all, her first husband returned and gave what seemed to the family a sufficient cause for his long and mysterious absence. But now what could be done? The two men met and in a friendly manner talked the matter over and each felt that no one was to blame for the circumstances. The parties agreed, however, to leave the wife for a few days, and at an appointed hour and moment the three should meet and the wife should decide whose wife she should be. The decision was to be final and the man not received should leave the vicinity. With this arrangement each complied. The decisive moment, the important time arrived and the woman decided that he who had been her first husband should be her last. The other procured his divorce and left for other parts.

ADRIFT FOR SEVEN DAYS.

The Terrible Sufferings of a Boat's Crew Without Food or Water—Rescue Comes Too Late for One Man who had been Driven to Drinking from the Sea.

A New Orleans *Times* reporter interviewed the five men of the steamship Gussie, who for seven nights and six days, without food or water, were the sport of the waves in the Gulf of Mexico. Summed up, the harrowing details of their sufferings are to the following effect:

The steamship Gussie, Captain Richard Hill, owing to the fact of the tanks at Indianola being destroyed by the storm, left that port with a cargo of cattle and without the necessary supply of water. Captain Hill made for Southwest Pass to replenish his water and and then proceed on his journey to Havana. On the morning of the 19th of September the weather was fair, wind northwest, blowing about seven knots an hour. At 10:30 P. M. the same night Southwest Pass light bore north northeast, distance nine miles. At 10:35 P. M. the ship was hauled for the light, when the starboard shaft broke. Finding it impossible to remedy the evil, and loath to drift around at the mercy of the winds, Captain Hill concluded to send a boat to Southwest Pass for assistance. The boat was launched, and at midnight the wind veered west by north, blowing a good six-knot breeze. South Pass was sighted, and after some delay the tug Rio Grande took the Gussie in tow, bringing her to the city.

In the mean time the unfortunate men were passing through the terrible ordeal of shipwrecked mariners. After leaving the ship, the boat's crew, consisting of John Duffy, chief officer; Dan McDonald, Mat. Bayron, John O'Neil, Dan Crockett and Joseph Davis, pulled for the Southwest Pass Light, secure in the seaworthiness of their metallic life-boat, and without a thought of the danger that threatened them. Not a man of them but thought he would reach the light in three hours at the most, yet as hour after hour slipped by and they found that they made no headway against the current, despair beset their souls. Encouraged by Mate Duffy, they bent to their oars, but to no avail. Daylight found them with their compass and two lamps out of sight of land, exhausted by their exertion, without food or water, and a prey to the elements. On the morning of the 20th they saw a ship, supposed to be the Medora, and so close that they could see the men at work on board the vessel, but in vain they tried to signal her by means of a shirt hoisted on an oar. She was soon lost to view and despair beset them. Davis gave out and lay exhausted in the bottom of the boat. On the second day they saw a steamer, low down on the horizon, bound eastward, but at too great a distance to see them. Truly, then they gave themselves up for lost. Bayron, however, managed to improvise a sail out of three shirts, and slowly they breasted the current until the gale reached them, and for three days they were storm-tossed on the crest of the waves. Then followed a calm, yet the sea ran high. Their parched throats craved for water. McDonald desperately drank the saline which surrounded him, but found that only augmented his thirst. Desperately they glared at each other. Hunger gnawed at their vitals, yet they refrained from cannibalism.

Sharks surrounded the boat, curveting in the water as if in anticipation of the dainty morsels of human flesh in store for them, if possible lending additional horror to the scene. The plug was taken out of the bottom of the boat, and the water entered in until she was half full. Then the men in turns lay down in the water until thoroughly saturated, thus distilling the water into their body. In vain, the unfortunates say, they attempted to think of a hereafter; the most trivial things in their life passed before them like a panorama. Bayron thought of watering the cat on the Gussie, and imagined that he was revelling in the troughs. Donald Mc. was visions of glaciers—all seemed in their sense delirium—to be in Elysium only to return to the full realization of the surroundings.

On the morning of the seventh day the brig Coquette, Captain Cognel, hove in sight, and with a last expiring effort they signalled her. The brig saw the sign of distress and bore up for them, reaching them only to find that, with the exception of Bayron, all helplessly lay about the boat. They were taken aboard and kindly treated, but despite the efforts of the captain McDonald died.

United at Last.

A quiet wedding occurred in Middletown, Orange County, N. Y., wit .in the last few months, at which there were no guests, the mother of the bride being the only witness of the ceremony besides the officiating clergyman. In 1862, a young gentleman, who was betrothed to the lady, enlisted in the Union army. His sweetheart made no effort to dissuade him, and with a breaking heart bade him adieu, and quietly buried herself in her home with her widowed mother, the only living member of her family besides herself. For a time all went well, and loving letters cheered the gallant soldier. After the battle of Chancellorsville, his letters suddenly ceased. Letter after was written to him and his comrades, but all that could be learned was that after that terrible battle he was missing. His stricken sweetheart never entirely abandoned hope, and lived on, hoping against hope for his return. After many weary years, her patient troth has been rewarded, and she is now a happy bride. Some time during the fight he was taken prisoner, and soon after he was sent to a Southern pison, where he was kept about a year. He finally escaped and reached the seaboard, where he conceived the idea of personating an English sailor, and getting to England on a blockade runner. After much delay and many disappointments, during which his courage almost failed him, he succeeded. He remembers sailing through the blockading squadron. After that all is a blank. He learned afterward that he had been taken ill, and soon after insane. On his arrival in England he was taken to an insane asylum by the captain of the blockade runner, where he remained until a year ago, when he was discharged cured, but penniless. He succeeded, through friends in the asylum, in obtaining a situation in a mercantile house, where he won the esteem of the principals, to whom he told his story. A leave of absence was given him; he came to Middletown and found his old sweetheart, now a lady of thirty-two, still faithful to his memory. They were quietly married, and are now in England, where he proposes to remain for a number of years.

Origin of Names.

A large number of names derive their origin from the seasons, as Winter and Spring; many others from the elements, as Frost, Snow, Flood; good or bad fortune; points of the compass, as North, South, East, West; dignities, offices, agriculture, utensils and astronomy; and also from animals, as Wolf, Lamb, Lion, Cat; vegetables, minerals, colors, arms, etc. But by far the most numerous class of surnames are those which had their rise in certain trades or professions, of which a few are—Webster, a weaver; Baily, a bailiff; Fletcher; a maker of arrows (from the French *fleche*); Tucker, a cloth fuller, to say nothing of the very obvious Butcher, Baker, Carpenter, etc. A search in the old statute-books will furnish plenty of such names as Robertus de Bakester (Baxter?) Simon Ironmonger, John Daylaborer, etc. Another very fertile source of derivation was from places, as Gilbertus Anglicus, Godefridus de Maunville, Henricus de Hessia, Guliemus Parisiensis, etc., and most of the names terminating in by, ham, ton and ville, belong to this class. Further a large number of surnames were originally patronymics—that is to say, names formed by the addition of son, or some other word expressive of a similar relation to the paternal name. The Normans superadded Fitz (the old French for *fils*), as Fitz-Allan, Fitz-Gerald, Fitz-Walter; the Irish O, as O'Donnell; the Scotch Mac, as MacDougall; and the Welsh Ap, as Apthomas. It was once remarked to the writer as curious that Ben should be such a common name among the Hebrews, and considerable surprise was manifested when it was pointed out that it was originally a prefix, Ben-hadad being simply the son of Hadad.

NEWS SUMMARY.

Eastern and Middle States.

An old man jumped into the Harlem river, New York city from the top of High Bridge—a distance of 132 feet—and was killed.

The city election in Newark, N. J., resulted in the selection of a Republican mayor and nine aldermen, the Democrats getting six aldermen, a gain of three.

By a unanimous vote the striking miners employed by the Susquehanna Coal Company at Nanticoke, Pa., decided to resume work.

At a convention of New York workingmen, held in Troy, resolutions were passed favoring a currency of gold, silver and treasury notes and a retirement of national bank bills; opposing the granting of public lands to railroad corporations; asserting that labor has a right to a full share of the wealth it creates, and favoring legislation and other methods of improving the condition of labor. A ticket was nominated with John J. Junio for Secretary of State.

The New York *Herald* devoted over three pages to what it alleged was the "confession" made by William M. Tweed about six months ago and presented to the attorney-general of New York. Tweed furnished the confession as the price of his liberty, but the attorney-general refused to use it, and it was returned to the "Boss." The statement published by the *Herald* is a startling record of conspiracy and crime. It is a complete history of the famous "ring" transactions, and gives the names of the State Senators and members of the New York State Legislature who were bribed by Tweed, describes the methods employed to corrupt legislators and control local affairs, and presents a long list of checks and vouchers showing the sums paid by him to his confederates and aids.

The remains of Major General Custer found a final resting place in the cemetery at West Point, on the Hudson, where they were interred with military and religious ceremonies.

A meeting called in New York to give public expression of approval to the policy of President Hayes was addressed by George William Curtis, and a series of resolutions in harmony with the call was adopted.

The Franklin Savings bank, of Allegheny has suspended payments.

A number of leading merchants and manufacturers held a meeting in New York and formed an association for the purpose of securing the representation of American exhibitors at the Paris Exposition.

An organized band of horse-thieves was found to be operating with considerable success among the stock of farmers in the vicinity of Bound Brook, N. J., and the members were pursued into Monmouth county, where they took refuge in a large swamp.

Colonel Forney has sold the Philadelphia *Press* for $180,000, and will go to Europe as its correspondent.

Gilman, the New York broker, whose forgeries of insurance scrip amounted to over a quarter of a million dollars, was indicted in the court of general sessions, and pleaded guilty. He was sentenced to the full penalty of five years in Sing Sing prison.

At Pottsville, Pa., James Coyle and his nephew, miners, were instantly killed by an explosion of fire damp in a colliery.

George W. Jones' large barns at Deerfield, Mass., together with two hundred tons of hay, grain and tobacco were destroyed by fire, causing a loss of $8,000.

In a circular issued by the commercial agency of Dun, Barlow & Co., of New York, it is stated that the failures in the United States for the first nine months of 1877 were 6,265, with liabilities amounting to $141,952,256. For the same time in 1876 the failures were 7,050, and the liabilities $156,272,800. The circular says: "For the first time in many months do the figures in relation to failures afford any encouragement; and, taken in connection with the improved business in merchandise which the autumn months have thus far witnessed, and the certainty that a great crop of produce is now being marketed at good prices, the hope may be entertained that the worst effects of the depression have been seen."

The corner stone of a new armory for the Seventh regiment, N. Y. S. N. G., was laid on Fourth avenue, near the Central Park, New York, with Masonic ceremonies. The orators of the occasion were Mayor Ely and Hon. William M. Evarts.

The business portion of the village of Jamesville, Onondaga county, N. Y., was destroyed by fire. Three hotels, the Episcopal church, post-office, six stores, the town hall, and fifteen dwellings were among the buildings burned. Loss estimated at $60,000; insurance, $18,000.

Western and Southern States.

Ex-Gov. Hendricks, of Indiana, has returned from his trip to Europe.

The election in Ohio has resulted in the success of the Democratic State ticket by majorities variously estimated at between 10,000 and 20,000. A large vote was polled by the Workingmen's ticket.

The Republicans were successful in the Iowa elections, their whole ticket being elected. The Greenbackers developed considerable strength.

The Democrats of Ohio will have a majority of about forty on joint ballot in the Legislature, which will give them a United States Senator to succeed Hon. Stanley Matthews.

After a desperate battle, lasting over two days, the Nez Perces Indians, under the command of Chief Joseph, surrendered to the United States troops, commanded by General Miles, at Snake Creek. The camp of the hostiles contained 350 men, women and children, of whom 150 were fighting warriors.

The German-American bank of Quincy, Ill., suspended, with liabilities placed at $90,000.

A boiler in J. E. McKendry & Co's. heading factory, exploded, at Muncie, Ind., instantly killing the engineer and fireman, and seriously injuring three others.

The county fair at Frederick, Md., was visited by the President and several members of the Cabinet. Addresses were delivered by the President, Secretary McCrary and Attorney-General Devens.

The railroad depot and a number of business houses at Edwards Depot, Miss., were destroyed by fire.

Four out of a party of five revenue officers were wounded in an affray with a party of illicit distillers in Burke county, North Carolina.

The Culver House and about a dozen other buildings in Winneconne, Wis., were burned. Loss, $20,000.

Alexander Reed, managing proprietor of the Toledo (Ohio) *Blade and Commercial*, was assaulted in the street by one Dowling, ex-postmaster of the city, but the two were separated by friends before any serious damage was done. Mr. Reed is postmaster of Toledo.

The Congregational Association of California, in session at Sacramento, passed strong resolutions against Chinese immigration.

From Washington.

President Hayes was visited at the White House by Hon. A. H. Stephens and Hon. Robert Toombs.

The Bureau of Statistics at Washington reports that for the three months up to October 1, 1877 the number of immigrants landed at the port of New York was 20,109, of which 11,462 were males and 8,647 females—the number during the same time last year being 25,886.

Postmaster-General Key has received a communication from the British post-office requesting the friendly assistance of this government in putting a stop to the reprehensible habit of sending live specimens of the Colorado beetle by mail to Great Britain.

Columbus Delano, ex-Secretary of the Interior was assaulted in front of the treasury building by Judge J. W. Wright, a resident of Washington, who had a grievance of long standing against Delano. Wright struck the ex-Secretary across the head with a heavy walking stick, laying open the scalp, and then surrendered himself to a policeman.

The vote by which the Hon. Samuel J. Randall was nominated for Speaker of the House of Representatives by the Democratic caucus was 107, against 24 for the Hon. John B. Goode and 12 for the Hon. Milton Sayler.

The appropriations submitted by the secretary of the treasury to Congress, to complete the fiscal year ending June 30, 1878, amount to $36,936,306.66, and are divided as follows: War department, $32,436,764.98; library of Congress, $22,800; court of claims, $1,20(453.90; treasury department, $273,891.29; post-office department, $700,000; navy department, $2,003,861,27; judicial department, $252,535.22.

Foreign News.

A great Republican meeting was held in Paris, and addressed by M. Gambetta.

In St. Petersburg a socialistic plot was discovered, which extended to Moscow and other Russian towns, and over 600 arrests were made.

A frightful epidemic prevailed in the Russian departments of Tiflis and Kutes, and the mortality was enormous.

Henry Meiggs, the well-known railroad builder, died in Lima, Peru.

Frederick Sismdale, a London solicitor, has failed for $1,500,000, his assets being $600,000.

The private Ritterschaftliche bank of Stettin, Pomerania, failed, with liabilities amounting to $3,750,000. A large business in advance on land and agriculture was done by it.

Hon. James Russell Lowell, our representative in Spain, has received from the Spanish government $570,000, in part payment of claims of American citizens for loans incurred through the revolution in Cuba.

In a recent manifesto, issued by President McMahon, he denies that the Republican constitution is in danger, or that the French government is under clerical influence, or is inclined to a policy which might endanger the peace. To this a counter-manifesto has been issued by the bureaus of the Senatorial Left, asking the people to disbelieve those who assert that Republican institutions are not in danger.

It is estimated by a Canadian newspaper that in Canada 30,000,000 bushels of wheat and 10,000,000 bushels of barley have been harvested this year.

M. Gambetta was again sentenced to pay a fine of $800 and to three months' imprisonment for issuing an address to the electors of his arrondissement; and the printer of the address was sentenced to fifteen days' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of $400.

The Hon. Edwards Pierrepont, United States minister to Great Britain, has tendered his resignation, to take effect December 1.

The French election for a new Chamber of Deputies has resulted in a reduced majority for the Republicans. There will be about 325 Republican members to about 191 Conservatives or Monarchists.

CONGRESS---EXTRA SESSION.

Senate.

The extra session of the Forty-fifth Congress was opened in the Senate by the Vice-President, who called the Senators to order. After prayer the President's proclamation, convening Congress, was read. Three new Senators—Stanley Matthews, Don Cameron and David K. Armstrong were sworn in, after which a resolution by Senator Edmunds, that the committee as constituted last session be revived and continued during the extra session, was laid over on motion of Senator Thurman. The Senate then adjourned.

House of Representatives.

The House of Representatives was called to order by Clerk Adams, who read the President's proclamation and then called the roll. The election for Speaker resulted in 154 votes being cast for Mr. Randall and 132 for Mr. Garfield. After the oath of office had been administered to Mr. Randall by Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, he addressed the House briefly, promising to be even-tempered, firm and obedient to the will of the members. The Speaker then administered the oath to the members. Objection was made by Mr. Cox (Dem., N. Y.) to the swearing in of Messrs. Cain and Rainey, of South Carolina, and Mr. Darrell, of Louisiana; by Mr. Frye (Rep., Me.), to the swearing in of Messrs. Elam and Robertson, of Louisiana; and by Mr. Springer (Dem., Del.), to the swearing in of Mr. Pacheco, of California, and the members were required to stand aside. The following House officers were elected: Clerk, George M. Adams, of Kentucky; sergeant-at-arms, John S Thompson, of Ohio; doorkeeper, John W. Polk, of Missouri; postmaster, James M. Stewart, of Virginia; chaplain, Rev. Dr. John Polish, of Maryland. All the officers chosen were nominated by the Democrats. After drawing for seats the House adjourned.

Headquarters
NEW YORK STATE ASSOCIATION
FOR THE PROTECTION OF FISH AND GAME,
SYRACUSE, N. Y., June 23, 1877.

To Colwell Lead Company,
63 Centre Street, New York:—

Gents.—We have carefully examined your Shot here on exhibition, and have also received the unanimous report of all the clubs on the grounds of the State shoot in favor of your shot. We cheerfully pronounce it a very perfect article, and recommend it to the sportsmen generally throughout the country.

GREENE SMITH, President.
JOHN A. NICHOLS, Vice-President.
CHAR. R WRIGHT, Secretary.

For Dyspepsia, Weakness and Debility.
EPSOM, N. H., May 3, 1870.

Dear Sir—Having received great benefit from the use of Peruvian Syrup, I am willing to add my testimony to the thousands of others constantly sounding its praise. During the late war I was in the army, and had the misfortune to be taken prisoner, and was confined in Salisbury and other Southern prisons several months, and became so much reduced in health and strength as to be a mere skeleton of my former self. On being released, I was a fit subject for a Northern hospital, where I remained some two months and then came home. My physician recommended and procured for me several bottles of Peruvian Syrup, which I continued to use for several weeks and found my health restored and my weight increased from ninety pounds to one hundred and forty, my usual weight, and have been in my usual good health ever since; and I can cheerfully recommend it in all cases of weakness and debility of the system, whether arising from an impure state of the blood, dyspepsia, or almost any other cause, believing it will in most cases give entire satisfaction.

Yours truly, GEO. S. BIXBY.

Sold by dealers generally.

A Grand Record.

Nearly thirty years have elapsed since Hostetter's Stomach Bitters was first brought to the notice of the American public. To-day it is the most popular remedy on this continent for dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, debility, nervousness, urinary and uterine complaints, gout, rheumatism, intermittent and remittent fevers, and is widely used in South and Central America, Mexico, the West Indies and Australia, as a preventive and remedy for malarious disorders, and for many other maladies to the relief of which it is adapted. The record of its victories is written in the testimonials of thousands whom it has cured, to many of which the widest publicity has been given; it has won the emphatic sanction of leading members of the medical profession, and it has repeatedly been made the subject of encomiums by the home and foreign press. Comment on the above facts is unnecessary. We leave the public to draw its own conclusions.

The Latest Fashion for Ladies.

Our attention has recently been called to the *Raritan Mateldase Cloakings*, something entirely new in the way of heavy, warm, double cloth goods, specially adapted for ladies' wear during the cold weather now approaching. These goods are the handsomest, and most stylish ever seen, and so far as price is concerned, are a miracle of cheapness. They are intended for cloaks, sacques, dolmans, circulars and jackets, for both ladies and children, and are to be found at all the leading dry goods stores in the country. Be particular to ask for the *Raritan Cloakings*, and take no other.

Wonder Upon Wonder.

Given away—a strange, mysterious and most extraordinary book entitled "The Book of Wonders." Containing, with numerous curious pictorial illustrations, the mysteries of the heavens and earth, natural and supernatural, oddities, whimsical, strange curiosities, witches and witchcraft, dreams, superstitions, absurdities, fabulous enchantment, etc. In order that all may see this curious book, the publishers have resolved to give it away to all that desire to see it. Address on a postal card F. Gleason & Co., 738 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

MAKE NO MISTAKE.—In Dooley's Yeast Powder you get the best article of the kind in the world. The cans are always full weight, the article itself the purest and strongest possible, so that a smaller quantity than usual suffices. Do you want your baking always perfect? Don't fail then to use Dooley's Yeast Powder.

(By telegraph.)

To Haines Bros., No. 115 Fifth avenue, New York:

Iowa State Fair first gold medal on Haines' upright piano fortes. Must have two uprights immediately. A. REED & SONS,
Chicago, Ill., Sept. 28